# CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLV. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1917. NO. 21.

## MEMORIAL DAY

BY T. C. HARBAUGH

We strew the brave with fragrant flowers,
With rose and eglantine,
We decorate the men who stood
Upon the battle line;
They sleep within the silent camps
Where sounds no tap of drums,
To them beneath the summer's bloom
No startling challenge comes.

They did their duty one and all,
No matter where they died.
'Tis just that on their breasts should fall
The blossoms in their pride;
So come with May's immortal bloom
And let her treasures fall
On those who will not hear again
The battle bugles call.

# A Baseball Detective

-:- Or, -:-

# The Diamond Trophy

## By Lloyd Thacher

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Begun in No. 20, May 19. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

### CHAPTER IV.

### THE BOSSESS.

"I NEVER realized what a handsome man you were, Mike!" The woman who spoke thus leaned back in the big, luxurious chair in which she was sitting, and looked at the red-faced man who had brought her such welcome news concerning Les Lang—the man she had never seen, but whom she had hated and feared for so long.

And for the second time that day Mike blushed at a reference to his looks—the first, made by Black Grafton a little while before, and the second now made by that wonderful woman, "the Bossess."

For Mike had come directly from the room where Black Grafton, he and Brag had held Les Lang a prisoner, and, in accordance with the very explicit instructions of Grafton, had delivered Black's message to the Bossess.

She had been properly delighted at hearing that Lang was about to be put out of the way, but regretted secretly that she had never seen the man about whom she had heard so much, and who, she knew, must be such a wonderful person.

And this was the afternoon of the day before Les had pitched his wonderful game, and had been presented with, and lost, the diamond trophy.

"And I'll wager," continued the woman, whose striking beauty set off well the costly appointments of the apartment in which the conversation was taking place, "that you had a good deal to do with getting Lang in a helpless condition so that Grafton could handle him."

"We all had our share in it," replied Mike, modestly.

"Now, Mike," continued the Bossess, leaning forward and speaking very seriously, "I wonder if I can trust you enough to tell you something?"

The heart of the big man beat furiously at these unexpected words. To have this beautiful woman, considered so wonderful and powerful by all the people of the underworld with whom she came in contact, ask him such a question, was tremendous happiness for the ignorant criminal.

"I—I—you can sure count on me," stammered Mike.

"And will you always do as I ask—will you be the special one to keep my secrets and do the things that I want no one to know about—not even the Boss?" she added seriously.

"I—I'd—I'd do anything—and nobody could get it out of me," replied Mike.

"Then listen," she went on, "up at the baseball——"

From her lap there dropped to the floor her dainty handkerchief, and as she stopped and leaned forward to pick it up, Mike did likewise. The heads came close together and the awkward Mike nearly fell forward. He saved himself by putting both hands on her shoulders—and the woman laughed.

It was at this minute that the door was opened and a man entered.

Short, very broad of chest, his great head surmounted by a wealth of almost white hair, the man was one calculated to make any one pause and take a second look. Moreover, there was keen intelligence in his eyes, determination in the square jaw, and power in every move.

For just one instant he stood on the threshold of the room. Then, with a quick, catlike spring, he was across the room; there came a blow of his great fist, and Mike lay prostrate on the floor.

But not for long. The anger of the ignorant Mike was roused. Probably he did not realize at the moment who had struck him. Probably he felt nothing but the sting of the blow. He was on his feet in a second and at his antagonist.

A hard swing from his right passed over the head of the newcomer, and the latter came back with another right swing that grazed the jaw of the other. Mike landed a straight left that shook the great white head, but the clever parry and return from the short man made Mike reel again. Blood was gushing from the big man's nose, and one eye was half closed, but still he bore in.

There followed three minutes of swift exchange of blows, Mike's growing weaker and weaker under the constant accuracy of the other.

And at the end of those three minutes Mike was reeling helpless before the white-haired master of the art of boxing.

"I'll have you to know, Mike," said the latter, his temper expended now, "that you are never to put hands on the Madam. It is an impertinence that I cannot excuse."

Thruout the encounter the attitude of the Bossess—the beautiful watcher—had been a strange one. A word from her would have interrupted the fierce battle, but she did not give that word. She watched, fascinated apparently by the display of skill on the part of the white-haired man, and by the show of strength by Mike.

Now, however, she did speak.

"It was not poor Mike's fault," she said. "He was just trying to show his gallantry by picking up my handkerchief—and he lost his balance."

"He should not lose his balance—at any time," replied the man, with significance.

"And I didn't know it was you, Boss," said the now humbled Mike, wiping the blood from his face.

"But the main thing I came to talk about," remarked the Boss calmly, "is that I want you, Mike, to go straight back to Grafton; give him my compliments and tell him from me that he is a conceited fool. I have sent Brag back, and I hope sincerely that Grafton's folly has not allowed Lang to get away. He had no business disobeying my orders. I told him to be sure that at least two men guarded Lang till he was dead. Now get there as fast as you can, and let me know if everything is all right."

Without waiting for further instructions, and apparently glad to get out of the way, Mike started for the door. As he crossed the threshold the words of the woman came to him. Her voice was very sweet to his battered ears.

"It's all right, Mike," she said. "And remember our little talk."

With a muttered "Thank you," Mike was gone.

With the closing of the door came the woman's hearty laugh.

"Alfred," she said to the man known to Mike as the Boss, "I have taken the trouble to make a slave of that man. There is no harm in having him such, for I can think of some plans that we might want to work out of which you would be supposed to know nothing."

"A very good idea, May," returned Alfred. "You are always thinking of something clever. Your idea is to have Mike a sort of byproduct in criminal execution, I suppose?"

"Exactly."

The man came close to her and seated himself, relaxed in body, and mentally at ease as he took her hand.

"It's a great world, May," he said softly.

Meanwhile Mike was hurrying back to the room where he had left Grafton and Les Lang. It was but a short distance from the home of the Bossess, and he arrived there almost simultaneously with Brag.

He found the latter just entering the room, and the oath that came from the lips of Brag, when he discovered it empty, was awful.

"Not here?" exclaimed Mike.

"Sure they're here," growled Brag in sarcasm. "Can't you see them eating their dinner?"

"Serves Graft right," said Mike, angrily. "He thinks he's too much."

"Hold on," returned Brag. "We don't know yet that anything wrong has happened. Graft wouldn't do the job here. Probably he's taken Lang up to the death shack."

"You're right," said Mike, with evident relief. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"Because, probably, the Boss showed you, as he did me, how sure he was that Graft had made a mess of it and that Lang would get away," responded Brag. "Come on. We'll get up there as fast as we can, and if anything has happened——"

He did not complete his sentence, but the two men hurried from the place, caught a taxi, and were soon whirling uptown.

In ten minutes they stopped the conveyance and dismissed the chauffeur. They proceeded as fast as they could across town two blocks to the very bank of the great river that flowed on the west side of the city. Here they descended a steep hill, until they came to a spot where trees were thick.

And in the very center of the little grove they came upon a shanty, set so cleverly in the ground that it would have taken a person unfamiliar with the locality some time to discover it. Near it Brag halted Mike with a touch on the arm.

"We won't make Graft's mistake," he whispered. "Let's be careful. Of course, everything is all right, but it won't hurt anything to take a look before we go in."

Leaving Mike standing close to the shanty—there were no windows in the hut—Brag went quietly around to the farther side. Here there was a door about four feet high and two feet wide. Brag approached it.

Slowly, cautiously, he fitted a key into the lock and tried to turn it making no noise. He seemed to have difficulty, for the key would not turn. For a moment he stood, thinking. Then he returned to the place where he had left Mike, going as cautiously as he had come.

"The door is unlocked, I guess," he whispered to his partner. "That looks funny. I came back to tell you to be ready to beat it if I give the word." Then he turned again and passed around the house.

He reached the corner beyond which was the door, and was about to go to it again, when there burst around the corner two men, each carrying a pistol.

"They can't be far away," Brag heard one of them cry.

"Somebody sure tried the door," was the other's breathless response, just as they caught sight of Brag.

And it did not take the criminal long to cry out to Mike. He ran almost into the arms of the big man as he dashed away from the strangers who had so surprised him.

"The bulls!" cried Brag, as he almost knocked Mike down.

They darted thru the little grove and up the hill toward the street.

"Stop, or we'll shoot!" yelled one of the men who had come from the hut.

The fleeing couple made no reply, but dashed on up the hill. As they reached the street the two pursuers were at the bottom, their pistols raised, their fingers on the triggers.

"Halt!" came the cry again. And then, as it was evident that neither Mike nor Brag intended to obey the command, a pistol shot rang out in the deserted silence.

Either the aim of the man had been bad, or else he had fired in the air, for the shot did not take effect and the two men continued their headlong flight. Nor did they stop when they had reached the street. They dashed straight across the pavement, and down the embankment on the other side; made a quick turn toward the river and to the bank. Here they jumped into a small rowboat that was there pulled up on the shore, and in a moment were out in the stream.

"Lucky we left that boat there yesterday," mumbled Brag, as he shipped the oars and gave a determined pull.

There was a tiny peninsula just below the spot where the boat had been lying, and Brag pulled the little craft around this point. Once safe from observation from the place they had left, Mike gave vent to a tremendous sigh of relief.

"Wonder how that happened—how they know about that place and were there?" he gasped.

"Cinch," returned Brag, disgusted, as he pulled on, keeping the small point of land between the boat and their starting-place. "Les Lang got away from Graft, that's all," he went on. "And he put the bulls wise to that shanty. He knew that we'd come back there sooner or later, and he had the bulls waiting for us. It's lucky for us that I had sense enough to take a look before we went in the shack. They probably heard me when I tried the key in the door."

And while this was taking place, the two men who had pursued Mike and Brag had been stumped. They ran up the hill after the criminals, but when they reached the street the two men were nowhere to be seen—they had descended on the other side, at that time, and were running for the boat.

The detectives—for such they were—stood a moment looking far up the street in search of the others. There were trees along the sidewalk at a little distance, and the walk took a turn about two hundred yards away. That the men might have disappeared beyond that turn was their first thought; but it seemed impossible that they could have proceeded that far in the short time they had been out of their pursuers' sight. For this reason the men hesitated.

"They must be up there," cried the larger of the detectives. "I don't see any other place they could be."

He started on the run, but the smaller man, turning suddenly and seeing the hill down which Mike and Brag had run, gave a start, and in a second was dashing down the embankment. No trace of the criminals did he find, but presently he began an examination of the ground, and he was thus engaged when his partner appeared.

"Might have run down here," he said.

"Look for tracks, Bill," returned the other, his eyes close to the ground.

"They weren't anywhere up the street," said the man addressed as Bill. "But Joe," he went on, "where in the world could they have got to—unless they jumped in the river?"

They were at the river's bank now, and at this moment Bill uttered an exclamation.

"There's been a boat here, Joe," were his excited words. "Probably they had one hidden—or pulled up here."

"Right you are," replied the other. "Here are fresh tracks, and the place where the boat was pulled into the river. They're downstream, somewhere."

"Then the best thing we can do is to beat along the bank," said Bill. "We'll be able to go faster on foot than they can in the boat. Come on."

It was easier said than done, for the way along the river at this point was not easy, but they started out and made as good headway as possible.

At this moment, in the boat, Brag was saying to Mike: "We'd better get out into the stream now. I haven't got any crazy wish to get shot at—and they'll probably discover where we are and come after us."

Speaking thus, Brag turned the boat's head toward the center of the river, and after a couple of minutes rested on his oars.

"It would take a pretty good shot with a gun to pot us now," he said.

And then it was that Bill and Joe, on the bank, having scrambled thru many obstructions, caught sight of the two men in the boat.

### CHAPTER V.

### THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

"THERE they are!" cried Bill, as he saw the boat, with Brag resting on his oars. "I'll bet those are the chaps we are after."

"Chances are, yes," agreed Joe. "The next thing to do is to get a boat ourselves. They are out of pistol range, I guess."

"Look," exclaimed his companion, pointing.

There, before their eyes, they saw the boat holding the men they were after approach a tug that came along at that moment; saw two men climb aboard and fasten their rowboat at the stern of the tug.

"And I can't see the name of the tug," said Joe, in evident disgust.

"But it will be easy enough to learn," returned Bill. "The best thing to do now is for you to stay here, or move when necessary, and keep track of it, while I go and get a motor boat. We've got them all right."

He did not wait longer, but climbed the hill to the street, and was off on his quest of a boat in which they would be able to follow the tug. Joe stayed where he was, on the watch.

It was Mike and Brag who climbed aboard the tug. They had hailed the captain as soon as they came within range, and that worthy, ever on the lookout for a piece of change, had stopped and picked them up willingly.

"Where in the world did you come from?" he asked of Brag.

"We're on a little wager," replied the other, "and trying to get away from a couple of chaps. If we land in the city and are able to get to—er—Forty-second street without their catching us, we win a hundred dollars."

"And you want me to help you?" queried the captain of the tug, scenting a cash consideration.

"Yes. Have you any special work on now?"

"We're free as air—worse luck," replied the other.

A short conversation between the two settled the matter of money, and an hour later the tug landed Brag and Mike at a downtown wharf. Here they separated, Brag to go and report to the

LOOK out next week for a great story of love and fighting in Mexico, entitled, "COMRADES OF THE SWORD; or, THE SEVEN-POINTED STAR," by William H. Manning. And, boys, keep an eye out for a splendid new Revolutionary War story, by Captain Jack Judson, which will soon appear in the Ledger. It is called, "THE KING'S MOUNTAIN BOYS; or, UNDER LIBERTY'S BANNER." It is a "humdinger." Wait for it.

Boss at his home, and Mike to the Bossess.

The Boss heard Brag's news with mingled emotions. He was just human enough to have that "I-told-you-so" feeling when he heard that Les Lang had evidently escaped on being left alone with Grafton. And yet he was terribly disappointed, of course.

"So Mike went to see the Bossess?" he asked.

"Straight," replied Brag.

"Come with me," commanded the white-haired man. "This is something she will have to look into for us."

They left the home of the leader of the crowd, bound for that of the Bossess. And here Mike had arrived some time before. The woman greeted him cordially, trying, evidently, to make up for the late unpleasantness he had suffered at the hands of the man with the prematurely white hair.

"But I got bad news," confessed Mike. "I guess Les Lang has got away."

Was it a look of relief that came to the beautiful eyes of the woman?

Surely not! She had never seen Les Lang, and he was the enemy of her kind! Surely she could have felt no relief at the news that he had escaped the clutches of her allies! Her words spoke of her sorrow.

"Oh, Mike!" she exclaimed. "Now we can't feel safe at all."

"Of course it is possible," the big man hastened to assure her, "that he didn't get away, and that the bulls just happened on our death shack."

"Not likely," she replied. "And of course the Boss will be here any minute now to talk over what is best to be done. So I want to finish what I was saying to you—when I dropped my handkerchief—and the Boss came."

Mike rubbed his jaw in memory of the blows that it had absorbed.

"You started to tell me something about the baseball park," he reminded her.

For a moment the eyes of the woman seemed to be looking far away into the past. Her whole expression changed. The hard lines disappeared from her face, and one would scarcely connect her, at that moment, with the deeds of evil of which she had been a part during the last few years.

"Mike," she said at last, "I have double-crossed the Boss!"

There was horror—horror and fear—in the man's expression as he heard these words. Double-crossed the Boss—the man so powerful! It seemed unbelievable!

Again Mike rubbed his jaw as the woman continued:

"I have told him that you are my slave—that you will do anything I want you to—and that is true, isn't it, Mike?"

There were honest inquiry and anxiety in her tone, and the man felt, for the first time in many years, that he was really worthy the trust of a woman. The fact that the woman before him was not a good woman did not impress the criminal at this minute. It had been so long since he had distinguished between a woman whose career was stamped with crime and one whose life was devoted to good works, that the fine points of character did not impress him at this minute.

"I told you that I would do anything for you—and—and that you could trust me."

"I believe you, Mike," said the woman, slowly. "And I am going to prove it by what I am going to ask you to do for me. You know how jealous my husband, the Boss, is—he showed that to you today pretty plainly."

"Yes, I know," said Mike, again rubbing his jaw in recollection.

"I am a good wife to him, Mike," she went on, "but for over a year I have been afraid—afraid—of him."

Mike could well understand that feeling, as he had experienced it himself.

"Our work," continued the woman, "compels us to have these two separate homes, as you know. If he thought that there was anything in my past of which he did not know—of which I had not told him—I don't know what he would do to me. His temper—and you know this, too—is something over which he has no control."

Slowly and surely this beautiful woman was weaving a web about the big, ignorant Mike, that would bind him eventually as fast as tho it had been made of iron chains. She was exerting all of her great power of fascination on him for this very purpose. Never had the man undergone the experience of having a woman as wonderfully beautiful and as delicately attractive as she was try to please him, and it was having exactly the desired effect.

"Just before my marriage to the Boss," the woman went on, "quite a noted man was very attentive to me, and we fancied that we were in love with each other and were going to be married. He knew nothing of my—my business—the same business we are engaged in now—and I was constantly fearing that he would find out some of the—the deals—I had helped to put thru."

"Gee!" ejaculated Mike.

"Then along came the Boss," the woman said musingly, "and carried me off my feet. You know how he could do that. I was fascinated. He won me the moment I learned—and he did not tell me this till he was sure of me—that he, too, was engaged in doing things that the law forbids. I guess there is something wrong with me, Mike, for the excitement of our work means more to me than anything else, except"—and she hesitated a minute, smiling at the recollection of the battle that day between Mike and the Boss—"except a good man-to-man fight."

No one hearing her could have doubted her sincerity as she spoke. Mike's eyes were wide open, and growing larger all the time as this wonderful woman bared her innermost feelings for his benefit. Presently she threw back her head and continued quickly:

"I wrote that man—the man I was going to marry before the Boss came along—a letter," she said. "I have tried many times to get it from him, in many ways. I have not succeeded. I know that he carries it on his person all the time. I must have that letter. I cannot be happy or feel safe until I get it. If my husband, the Boss, should ever see it, I believe honestly that he would kill me."

She stopped. The shudder that accompanied her words was very real.

"And," said Mike, awe in his voice, "you want me to get that letter for you?"

"Yes," she breathed, "if you can."

"If I can," repeated the big man, rising. He was so completely under her spell at this moment that nothing seemed impossible to do—for her. "I can get it if any man in the world can. And I will, I tell you that. Who is the cuss that's got the letter?"

"Manager McGrow, of the Gray Colts," came her astounding reply.

Mike fairly gasped! The manager of the team now engaged in the great world's series! And she had been engaged to marry him! Knowing the reputation of the pugnacious manager, Mike was not surprised that she was anxious to get the letter—whatever it contained. He could imagine no more fierce combat than one between McGrow and the Boss.

"It seems to me," the woman was saying, "that this would be a good time to get the letter from him. Especially right after one of these games. Perhaps you could get up there in time today. There will be so much excitement and all that. I wanted to tell you hours ago, but the Boss came in and—you you know the rest."

"Guess it's too late now," said Mike, "but if they have to have a game tomorrow I——"

It seemed to be Mike's fate to be interrupted in his tete-a-tetes with the woman he had grown to worship, for at this moment the door opened and in walked the Boss accompanied by Brag.

"Well, May," he said, "you see I was right again. That fool Grafton has let Lang slip thru his fingers, there can be no doubt of that."

"I presume you are right," replied the woman.

"The next thing to do," the Boss went on, "is to make sure. We'll have to see if Grafton is in jail. I'm awfully sorry to have to trouble you, but I believe the only safe way is for you, May, to put on one of your make-ups and look into it for us."

"Of course," she said quickly. "You know that sort of thing is just what I like—you know I love the excitement of it."

"Then I'll leave it to you to attend to," responded the Boss, "only I wish you would do it at once and let me know. If Grafton is in jail, we may have to plan some action."

The woman turned and walked toward a door at the farther side of the room, and as she did so she gave a meaning glance at Mike, as much as to say, "Don't forget."

"By the way," laughed the Boss, "I have just heard that the world's series is tied up. There will be a game tomorrow. Want to go?"

"Perhaps," replied the Bossess, as she disappeared from the room.

"No need for you fellows to wait," said the commander of this underworld force. "Just keep in touch with me, and report late tonight. Probably we'll know the situation by that time."

Brag and Mike took their departure, and in half an hour there came from the room into which the Bossess had disappeared the most forlorn-looking woman one could well imagine. The Bossess' make-up was so perfect that the most skilful of detectives would be deceived by it. Its perfection lay in the fact that she used so little paint, and depended largely for the disguise on the expression she simulated. The clothes she wore were old and ragged, and her general appearance was that of one who had suffered much thru no fault of her own.

*The return made Mike reel.*

"Splendid!" ejaculated the Boss. "I suppose the character will be the mother of some poor prisoner?"

"Something like that," replied the woman.

"Then go to it, girl. You have my most sincere admiration—besides a lot of other things."

She left, and during the evening, after the servant of the Bossess had served dinner for the man, he read until the reappearance of his wife.

"They've got him," were her words of greeting. "He confessed the whole story to me. Lang pretended to be all in, of course, and then played on his pride, got him to show that wonderful grip of his—and then proceeded to break both his wrists."

"Do you know," mused the Boss aloud, "my admiration for that fellow Lang grows every day?"

——"I'd like to meet him some time," said the woman, tentatively.

It was shortly after this that both Brag and Mike reported, and were informed of the facts connected with the escape of Lang and the arrest of Grafton. They were ordered to keep dark, and to be on the lookout for some new move on the part of Les. The Boss had decided to let the young man make the first move now, as he himself was at a loss to know what was best to be done.

"I believe that both of you are thoroly convinced," concluded the Boss, "that it is best to follow my instructions. I'll wager that Grafton wishes he had now."

It was not strictly in accordance with the orders of the Boss, however, for Mike to go up to the baseball park the following day. He did, for he held in his heart orders that were far more important to him now than the commands of any man—the secret orders of the most wonderful woman Mike had ever known anything about. And she had suggested that he try to get that letter away from McGrow on this day, if there should be any game.

He did not attend the game, however, and so, when the crowd began to pass from the grounds after the Governor had made the presentation speech to Les Lang, Mike knew nothing of the identity of the pitcher. He waited near the clubhouse, having in his brain some idea of catching McGrow as he came out, and holding him up and securing the letter that would place him forever in the good graces of the Bossess.

Mike knew that the players often, after a big game when there was a great crowd, used a little side gate, and it was near this that he took his stand.

Dusk had come before all the people had left the grounds. Mike was waiting and watching, when suddenly he saw some one that brought him up with a start. It was a detective—about the only one on the force who knew Mike's history, and who would be wise to the fact that he would not be waiting about like this for any good purpose.

As is often the case with criminals in like situations, panic seized Mike. That he was so anxious to do the will of the Bossess made him the more frightened.

Quickly he looked about him for some place in which to wait until the detective had passed and was out of sight.

Mike's eyes, trained in the hard school of crime, were quick to note a small door in the high fence that surrounded the grounds. Without a moment's hesitation he slipped thru this.

Once thru the door all was darkness to the big man's vision. He found himself in an inclosure, and was conscious that over his head was some sort of flooring. Suddenly he bumped into a post. He felt about and found other like posts. They were the supports of the clubhouse directly over his head!

The man waited a few minutes—long enough, he felt, to give the detective time to get away. He was about to make his way thru the door again and to the street when voices, coming evidently from right above him, made him pause. He could not distinguish any words, but his slow-acting mind was puzzled. Then he remembered.

"The players' clubhouse," he muttered.

And then! Was it his imagination? Was the man so much on his mind that his brain was playing him tricks? For he thought that he heard a shout from the room directly over his head—a shout in which two words were distinguishable to him: "Les Lang."

He forgot the Bossess! He forgot McGrow and the letter! He forgot everything except the tall, broad man who had escaped their clutches.

He stood immovable in his tracks. Now he could catch no more words, but the moving to and fro above him; the murmurings—loud cries they were, but sounding muffled to the man below—and the pounding of feet on the floor roused excited feelings in his breast.

How long he stood there he had no idea. But at last he realized what he was doing. He pulled from his pocket the little flashlight that the Boss taught him to carry, and with infinite caution pressed the button and looked about him.

He turned the light above him to the top of the inclosure. It was but a foot above his head as he stood erect. Suddenly he turned it downward again.

For Mike had discovered, just above his head, a crack between the boards! Had he but known it, this crack was just below the corner of the players' dressing-room, and at a point where the side wall of the room met the partition directly beneath and at the back of the locker used by Les Lang.

For a second after Mike had made this discovery, he stood gazing upward toward the place where he had seen that crack in the flooring.

And at that instant, in the room above, Les Lang's hand was withdrawn from his locker where it had been feeling about on the little shelf at the top; and then it was that he gave utterance to the determined statement: "I'll have that diamond trophy."

It was the determination of the tones of Les Lang's declaration that Mike sensed as he stood looking upward there in the darkness—it was that determined tone that brought fear to his heart.

Then, in the blackness, something struck Mike's upturned face!

This remarkable story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

# THE GIRL CAPTAIN

## -:- Or, -:-

# BELLE ISLE MEG

## By George Ethelbert Walsh

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Begun in No. 19, May 12. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

### CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN MEG had had a very unsuccessful voyage — the third since she had assumed command of the Belle Isle—and her return to port, lacked the note of triumph and elation that had marked her maiden trip. In the first place, she had sailed with a new mate. Old Curzon had been laid up with a severe attack of rheumatism and could not leave his bed at home, and Meg had been forced to take another man in his place. Second, the cargo of lumber shipped out had not been properly loaded, and it shifted at sea so they had to lay-to for a day to rearrange it. Then they ran into headwinds and lost another day.

On the homeward voyage stormy weather had followed them so persistently that it seemed as if the very elements were conspiring to delay the schooner. They had to anchor for twenty-four hours in Bent Cove until the worst of the storm had blown itself out, and then a nasty little squall had come up out of a clear sky and carried away the topsail and a good part of the upper rigging.

When the Belle Isle dropped anchor in the harbor, Captain Meg had slept only a few hours in the past forty-eight. She had kept almost continually on deck, even when Jim Sibley, the new mate, had the watch. Sailing with a mate whose seamanship she knew little about, was a little harrowing in rough, boisterous weather. Meg's confidence in the man had not been increased by observation, and more than once when he gave confusing orders to the crew she had stepped in and straightened out the tangle. At such moments she wished with all her heart that Luke Curzon was at her side, for in spite of his dim vision he was an excellent sailor, and knew how to handle the schooner in rough weather.

When she reached the wharf at Greenfield Haven, her face was pale and a little drawn. She needed sleep and rest after her harrowing nights and days at sea.

"I'm afraid this trip hasn't proved very profitable to the shareholders," she said, with a wry smile, to Enoch Walton. "It will take all the profits of the trip, and more, too, for new spars and sails. I'm afraid I've been a poor captain on this trip."

"It's the fortunes of the sea, Meg," he replied smilingly. "You can't expect fair weather forever."

"No, and I couldn't stand many such trips as this without going into bankruptcy. I'll come down tomorrow and see the extent of the damages. I'm too tired now to do anything. I need rest. I feel as if I could sleep a week."

"Don't worry about the repairs, Meg. I'll send a man down to make an examination. Perhaps Jim Sibley can do it."

Meg stopped and frowned, a little pucker of doubt and uncertainty showing under her eyes.

"I don't particularly like the new mate you found for me, Mr. Walton," she stammered. "Is he all right?"

Enoch Walton's face grew serious and anxious. "In what way, Meg?" he asked. "Was he—wasn't he respectful to you? Did he take any liberties?"

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that. He was all right that way. But his seamanship—I—I didn't think much of his judgment at times. But perhaps I was excited and tired."

"I've known Jim Sibley for a good many years," Walton replied quickly, "and I never heard any charge brought against his skill as a navigator. In fact, he was captain of a ship I owned, and he proved himself a capable officer. I shouldn't have recommended him to you, Meg, if I hadn't known of his ability."

"It must have been my imagination," she replied. "I was considerably upset by one thing happening after another. First, it was the shifting of the cargo——"

"You couldn't blame Sibley for that."

"No, of course not, and then—but I'm tired. I'll go home and rest up. When I feel better things will look differently. I won't say another word now. Good-by!"

She walked rapidly away from the dock, nodding right and left to old friends, and turned her steps toward the cottage under the cliffs. She passed Raymond's store on her way, and seeing it closed, stopped long enough to look inquiringly at the windows. Raymond himself was not visible, and she vaguely wondered if he was away.

She encountered him coming down the beach halfway to her home. Seeing her approaching with hurried steps, Raymond's first inclination was to turn aside and not meet her, but almost immediately he scouted such a weak move and continued on his walk. Two pink spots were burning in Meg's cheeks as she greeted him. It was the first meeting of the two since she had ordered him off the Belle Isle.

"What a lazy man!" she said laughingly, "to shut up shop on a day like this and go off for a walk." Then looking wistfully down the beach, she added: "I wish I could take a holiday and go and play in the sands. I'd just like to dig and dig—and forget everything."

Raymond paused in his reply. A half-veiled threat had sprung to his lips, but the wistful expression in his face, the drawn lips and the shadows under the eyes arrested him. The reference to digging in the sand recalled the past so vividly that half-unconsciously he turned and followed her roving eyes. After all, she was Meg, his old playmate, and they had spent many happy days together. If she had stooped to low methods to ruin him, it was thru the suggestion and connivance of another.

"You look tired, Meg," he said not unkindly. "You had a hard trip of it this time?"

She turned the violet-blue eyes toward him, a suggestion of tears lurking in the corners. "Yes," she answered, "a hard trip, and a very unprofitable one." Then humorously, altho a little sadly, "If I keep it up I won't make much to pay dividends for the shareholders."

Raymond stood watching her. How trim and neat she looked in spite of her weariness and a certain dejected droop of the head! The eyes and hair seemed to reflect the beauty and glory of the ocean which they both loved. She was more beautiful, more womanly because more mature, more alluring than he had ever known her. Raymond turned his eyes away and looked across the harbor.

"You will need some extra spars and sails," he said in a quiet, businesslike voice.

"Yes, and a lot of other things, Raymond," she replied. "Oh, I'll have a big bill of goods to buy of you in the morning."

He smiled bitterly. His old trouble darkened his mind. They all patronized him when they could not go elsewhere. Disabled in the harbor, she could not get the new spars and sails in Boston. Without turning his head, he said: "I've closed up the store. I'm not in business any more. I've outfitted the last ship or schooner in Greenfield Haven. I've closed the store and chucked the key away, and I hope I'll never find it again."

The bitterness of his voice as much as his words startled Meg. "What do you mean, Raymond?" she asked breathlessly. "Have you sold out your store?"

"Sold out?" he replied, gazing into the blue eyes. "No, I'm sold out—busted—ruined—bankrupt! That's all! Now I'm free to go and come where I will."

Meg's puzzled eyes were upon him, a slight frown puckering the brow. Under their searching gaze he felt uncomfortable. With a mirthless laugh and mocking smile, Raymond turned to resume his walk.

"If there's anything in the store, Meg," he added, "that you need you're welcome to it. It's free to you—and Walton. I guess he could close down on me any day and clean me out."

She moved a step nearer, still puzzled and surprised, but Raymond retreated before her friendly advance.

"And you'll own the Belle Isle in full now," he continued. "Walton's got the shares in trust for you. I can never redeem them. I hope you'll enjoy full possession of the old schooner. I did hope some day to be able to call her mine, or at least to sail her on shares. But"—waving his hand—"that's in the past now—a dream that has vanished! Good-by!"

"Raymond!" she spoke peremptorily, grasping his arm. "Raymond, have you sold your shares in the schooner to Mr. Walton?" The two pink spots on her face had grown until they spread over cheeks and forehead.

"No," he answered bitterly, "but I've mortgaged them, and that amounts to the same thing. Walton's got them tight, and I don't think he'll let them go. He isn't that kind, you know."

Captain Meg looked disturbed as well as puzzled. A glance into her face, tired and drawn tho it was, with eyes or liquid blue that made him think of the sky or the depths of the ocean, caused him to wince with pain. With a little intake of the breath he shook the hand free and strode away.

"Good-by, Meg!" he called, without looking around. "I wish you nothing but happiness. For the sake of old times, I wish you that."

"Raymond!" she called breathlessly.

But either he did not hear or refused to heed. She repeated the call, but fainter this time, and when he continued on his way without answering she made no further effort to detain him. Until he disappeared around the point of beach, Meg stood motionless in her tracks, her eyes wide and staring, her lips parted, her breast rising and falling with suppressed emotion. A tear slowly formed and forced its way out of an eye and rolled silently down the cheek. Others followed it in quick succession, but still not a sound or sob. She wept with the noiseless grief of a child too exhausted to vent sorrow by words or sound.

After a while she wiped away the tears and resumed her walk with the slow, hesitating steps of one whose journey's end was distasteful. She crossed the end of the strip of beach and came out on the shore road where it passed the line of cliffs. When she reached the cottage sheltered snugly under the protecting cliffs all signs of sorrow and grief had been miraculously swept clean from her face. She was the brave, doughty captain of the Belle Isle once more, tired and worn by her hard trip, but self-possessed and smiling.

"Meg," her mother called to her, as she entered the house, "I'm right glad to see you. You were so late coming, I was worrying about you again. Now don't say I shouldn't do it—for you know I can't help it. It was always the same when your father was overdue. I worried and worried until he came."

Meg stooped to kiss the lips raised to greet her. She laughed softly as she spoke. "No, I won't scold you for worrying this time, mother. I did have a hard trip of it. Nasty weather going and coming, and one thing after another happened. But here I am—well and hearty! Isn't that enough?"

"It's enough for me, Meg," replied the invalid, caressing the hand. "But I wish you didn't have to go to sea again. If you could only stay ashore always! I miss you so much, Meg. It seems as if I couldn't let you go again."

She clung to the hand for a moment and dropped affectionate tears on it. Meg with difficulty repressed her own, caressing the white hair silently. Mrs. Franklin looked up finally and spoke more bravely: "There, dear, I didn't intend to let on so. It only makes it harder for you. Never mind me, Meg. I'm just an old invalid, and I have to have my little fits of weeping. They don't last long, and when they're over I forget them. Now tell me about the trip."

Captain Meg related as much of her experiences as she cared to tell her mother, making light of the trials and dangers that had beset her; but Mrs. Franklin with the keen insight often abnormally developed in a chronic invalid read between the lines, and was greatly disturbed.

"It all comes of having a new mate," she said. "Can't you get Luke Curzon for the next trip?"

"No," she replied, shaking her head, "he's laid up for a long time."

"Did Mr. Walton recommend Sibley real well?"

"Yes, he used to sail one of Mr. Walton's ships."

"Then," hesitatingly, "I suppose he's all right. I dunno, tho; I dunno!"

She lapsed into silence, but her eyes were burning brightly as she reflected. Suddenly she raised them and added:

"Mebbe it would be better for you to accept Enoch Walton's proposal, Meg. You could settle down here on shore then, and not have to work so hard for a living. He could give us both a good home, and—and——"

Meg frowned and returned her mother's look. For a time they were silent, mother and daughter exchanging glimpses of each other's soul. Meg moved first.

"Perhaps you're right, mother dear," she murmured. "You wouldn't have to worry any more, and—I'll think about it. I must have time to think. I can't decide hastily. I'm tired now and must have rest. In the morning my mind will be clearer."

When she walked to the window and gazed out of it, the invalid aroused herself, and said sharply:

"Meg, don't do it because of me. I don't ask that. It must be between you and Enoch Walton."

"I understand, mother," she answered from the window, without turning her face, and the voice was so full of silent misery that it smote the heart of the listener.

### CHAPTER VIII.

RAYMOND STONE had walked deliberately away from Meg, apparently unconscious of her appeal, but her voice echoed and re-echoed in his ears long after he passed beyond the range of her vision. He had not dared to trust himself to another view of her face. He felt that if he looked into her eyes again or caught another whiff of the fragrance of her hair or touched the hand that had rested on his arm, he would forget himself so far as to give her reason to dislike and even to hate him.

He had decided to leave Greenfield Haven for good. For Meg's sake he would not carry out his original intention of openly defying Walton—a course that might eventually lead to blows and serious consequences. No unpleasant scandal would attach to Meg's name thru any act on his part.

After settling up his affairs there would be something left to him from the shares he owned in the schooner. There would be some sharp dickering with Walton over the market value of this collateral, but the result did not concern him materially now. He would make the best of a bad bargain, and let it go at that. His stores amounted to considerable, but they would have to be appraised at something less than their full value.

He did not go to Walton, but decided to delay a final interview until he had checked up his books and made a complete inventory of his stock. Contrary to his declaration, he opened the store and furnished all the spars, rigging and other equipments needed to repair the Belle Isle.

Jim Sibley came around and attended to the details under the direction of Walton, who had prevailed upon Meg to let him do that much for her. Captain Meg was glad of the rest thus afforded her while in port, for she had been much more exhausted than she had supposed.

While the Belle Isle was being fitted out for another voyage, Raymond worked diligently over his books, spending half of each night in the back of the store at this work. He purposely avoided meeting Meg again, and more than once went far out of his way to escape any accidental interview.

The night before the schooner was ready for another trip—loaded at the wharf with a cargo of bricks and lime—Raymond worked in the back of his store until late in the evening, and then, feeling restless and nervous, decided to walk down to the beach before retiring. It was a clear, starlit night, but with no moon. The restless lap, lap of the water on the beach brought a certain amount of comfort to him, and he followed the shore until he came to Greenfield's only shipyard.

At one time this had been an extensive affair where the keels of many a swift schooner and big whaler had been laid down, but with the decline of the shipping industry it had suffered deterioration. Enoch Walton owned the shipyard, but kept only such parts of it in repair as were needed to accommodate the few boats that dry-docked there.

After stumbling over the debris scattered around—relics of a prosperous past, derelicts that had gone to the scrap-heap, Raymond turned to retrace his steps to the more settled and better lighted portion of the town. This graveyard of Greenfield's ancient glory brought only sadness to him. The rotting hulks and whitened ribs looming out of the darkness were like giant phantoms of a prehistoric age. They were grim, grisly monsters mutely mocking man's temporary ascendency.

A light burning dimly in the office of the shipyard attracted his attention. He was surprised that any one should be there at such a late hour, and unconsciously he walked toward it out of idle curiosity. The office was in an old building and opened directly into the blacksmith shop adjoining.

Raymond kept a sharp lookout in the gloom for obstructing articles that might trip unwary feet. He reached the blacksmith shop before he realized that voices coming thru the open window were clearly audible to him.

Enoch Walton and Jim Sibley were in the office, and owing to the stillness of the night air their words sounded almost as if spoken within a few feet of Raymond. Not wishing to obtrude or overhear their remarks, he tried to steal quietly away without being observed; but before he could retrace his steps the voice of Enoch Walton brought him suddenly to an alert attitude.

"Jim," he said in his slow drawl, "we've got to manage it this time so she won't want to go on another trip. I've given her all the rope she wanted, but now it's time to pull her up short. There ain't nothing gained by giving a woman too much freedom. Meg's pretty spunky,

and that's why I admire her, but she's got to know her place."

Peering thru the open window, Raymond could see Walton tipped back carelessly in a wicker chair. Opposite him sat Jim Sibley, smoking a black pipe and expectorating occasionally at the stove. The mention of Meg's name brought Raymond to a listening attitude.

"'Tain't much trouble to fix her at sea," Sibley replied. "But nothing I propose suits you. What you want me to do?"

"The trouble with you, Jim, is you believe in using physical force, when moral suasion will accomplish the same end without half the fuss."

"Yep! I believe in knocking a man down furst, an' then asking him what it's all about."

"That may do with a man at sea, Jim, but not with a woman. Besides," and here was a half-veiled threat in the voice, "I want you to understand nothing is to happen to Captain Meg personally. I'll hold you responsible for that."

"So you've said afore. Did you ever know me to exceed my orders?"

"No, Jim," Walton answered slowly, "and that's why I'm trusting you with this delicate matter, for it is a delicate matter, and we can't make mistakes. You understand that?"

Sibley nodded and drew steadily on his pipe.

"Now, if you'll tell me just what your orders be, I can carry them out. You don't want me to wreck the schooner?"

"No, decidedly no. That might cause endless trouble, besides endangering Captain Meg's health and life."

"I reckon she wouldn't go down with the old tub. She's too spry for that. No, she'd save herself if none of the rest of the crew got ashore."

"It would be risky—too risky to suit me," replied Walton, nodding his head. "No, we can't do anything as dangerous as that. Delay, accidents and bad luck—something that will cost lots of money and not endanger any lives."

"Might run her on Pudding Head Shoals and let her stay there a week or two," suggested Sibley.

"How'd you do that without exciting her suspicions?"

"Easy enough. When it was my watch I could run her out of her course and get mixed up with the shoals."

"But wouldn't there be danger of losing her?"

"No, not if she bumped along easy-like. Let her drift on them in a light breeze. Would take a week or two to get her off. Take a lot of money to salvage her then. Any tug captain would charge a couple of hundred, mebbe twice that, to pull us off."

Walton seemed interested. After a pause he asked:

"You think you could manage that without risk?"

"Sure! Easiest thing in the world."

"But with this load of bricks and lime, she might spring a leak and go to pieces."

"Then I'd wait for the return trip. We'll be loaded light on the way home."

Walton fiddled silently and meditatively with his watch chain, his eyes turned ceilingward. Sibley lolled comfortably in his chair and continued to make smoke wreaths.

"Might break a few halyards on the way up and lose a spar or two. That would delay us a little."

"That would help. Take your time about it, and don't get caught."

"A gal like Captain Meg ain't catchin' me squintin'. I got anuther trick, Mr. Walton. What's the matter of getting lost in Boston? Mighty fine city to lay off in a few days."

"What do you mean?" asked Enoch Walton, suspiciously. "You don't mean to do anything to hurt Meg Franklin?"

Sibley chuckled softly and looked across the table at his employer.

"You're mighty touchy 'bout hurtin' Captain Meg!" he retorted good-naturedly, but with a grin on his ugly face. "I ain't in the women kidnaping business, an' I reckon I'd know enough not to try it under that gal. She's too smart."

"What's your trick, Jim?" Walton asked, mollified by his words of assurance.

"Just lose myself a few days—lay off in Boston 'bout the time she's ready to sail—disappear."

"But she'd sail without you."

"'Tain't so easy to pick up a mate, especially one that would suit Captain Meg. I'd let her hunt an' wait for me, an' then when she was desp'rate turn up fit's a fiddle."

"What excuse could you give for your absence?"

"Oh," rising in disgust, "lots of 'em. Say I'd been run over an' been in the hospital. Might let on I'd been on a spree, but that might set her ag'in' me more'n ever."

"Why do you say that? Has she any grudge against you?"

"No more'n most women have. I ain't a lady's man, an' most of 'em don't take to me. Besides, Captain Meg's too good a sailor not to see I didn't fill the bill quite up to her liking the last trip. Got the notion I didn't know much 'bout sailin' a little tub like that schooner. Anyway, she's got her suspicions."

"Well, you must be careful," remarked Walton, also rising from his seat. "Don't give her any cause to suspect you. You know how to sail a boat all right, Jim, and you must show her."

"You bet I will. I'll show her a trick or two she never dreamed of."

He yawned, stretched himself and walked across the floor. "Then you want me to try the disappearin' act in Boston for a few days?"

"Yes, that might do, but don't be gone too long. Captain Meg might sail without you."

"I'll keep a weather eye open for that. No fear. She doesn't sail without a mate, an' she'd hate to pick up a new one from them sailor's boarding-houses. They'd make love to her afore she was clear of the harbor."

Walton frowned. "If any one tried that, I'd——" He stopped and looked menacingly at Sibley.

"Shucks now! You ain't suspecting me of doing such a fool thing, be you?"

"No, Jim, I'm trusting you. I'm paying you well for this thing, and I know you'll stick to your bargain. If you don't there's no money in it for you."

"Oh, I'll stick to it. Then on the way home you want me to drift on Pudding Head Shoals for another lay-off, just to make time?"

Walton nodded thoughtfully. "If you can do it without exciting suspicion—yes. But whatever you do, Jim, be careful. Women are sometimes more suspicious than men. Captain Meg's smart."

"Don't I know that? I reckon I've sized her up afore this—smart's a steel trap. You'll find it out when you tie up to her. Lord, I wouldn't have no woman tied to me! They make life a pesky nuisance."

"I've never found them so if handled right," replied Walton, smiling. "I'll risk that after we're once married."

They walked toward the door, still talking. Raymond's first inclination was to rush in and confront them with their diabolical plotting, but on second thought he decided to wait.

They came out of the office so suddenly that he had no time to steal away. For a moment it seemed as if his presence in the shop would be discovered, but they walked past him without turning their heads in his direction. The light in the office was extinguished, and the total darkness which followed protected Raymond from detection.

Crouching behind a barrel until they had left the shipyard, he tried hard to piece together the stray bits of information he had unwittingly overheard. One thing was clear in his mind. Enoch Walton had employed Jim Sibley as mate of the Belle Isle to delay Captain Meg in her trips; but why, if she was engaged to him, should he resort to such queer tricks? Raymond turned this over in his mind repeatedly as he hurried from the shipyard and made his way to the lighted streets beyond.

## CHAPTER IX.

ON HIS way home, Raymond walked beyond the town limits to the road which wound around the white cliffs, with a vague idea of calling on Meg to acquaint her with the strange news he had overheard; but when he reached the small cottage snuggling under the protection of the hill, he stopped and looked dubiously ahead.

There was no light in the house; it was dark and silent, the occupants having long since retired. He glanced at his watch, striking a match to see the time. It was a few minutes past midnight.

"I'll not wake her now," he muttered, dropping the match. "I can see her in the morning."

He stood in silence watching the cottage, frowning and perturbed, and unwilling to retreat or go ahead. Finally he swung around and said bitterly:

"Why should I interfere? If she's engaged to Walton she'd not thank me for butting in. No, it's none of my business. They mean her no personal harm, but——"

He stopped again, turned his head and waited a long time before resuming his walk. Was it a part of Walton's plan to delay the Belle Isle so that his shares in it would be less valuable? By thus depreciating their worth he would be able to make a harder bargain with him at the final settlement. Raymond smiled grimly at this explanation of the night's occurrence and resumed his walk.

Halfway home his footsteps lagged again. His head was bent and his mind active. Meg's shares in the Belle Isle would suffer equally with his if anything should delay the schooner in her trips or increase the cost of repairs. Was it Walton's plan to secure her shares, also, by depressing their value? Meg and her mother had nothing to live on except what profits they could get out of the Belle Isle.

"That's a part of his game," he murmured finally. "I believe he'd rob Meg of her interest in the schooner on the very eve of their marriage. The low-down miser! I'll see Meg in the morning and tell her the whole story. She won't thank me for it, but it will put her on her guard against that Jim Sibley."

With this determination fixed in mind, he finished the rest of the walk in silence and with a lighter heart.

Unfortunately for Raymond's peace of mind and Meg's protection, two things conspired to prevent the carrying out of this laudable purpose. One was that Captain Meg had decided to take advantage of the early flood tide and a fair wind, and the Belle Isle sailed shortly after five o'clock in the morning. The other unforeseen contingency was that Raymond, after a hard day of work and a restless evening of adventure, overslept himself by at least two hours. When he awoke it was long past eight in the morning, and the Belle Isle had been gone over three hours.

This discovery caused him considerable chagrin and disappointment. At first he consoled himself with the reflection that perhaps it was better that he had not interfered. Circumstances had taken the matter out of his hands, and he had no reason to blame himself or worry.

Yielding to this philosophical view of the situation he spent the morning in his store, trying to banish from his mind all thoughts of Meg and Enoch Walton. But the more he tried to forget them, the more persistently did Meg's face come between him and his work. Several times he stopped and stood for a full minute frowning and biting at his pencil.

Twice he walked out and looked up at the sky. A fair wind was blowing, and no signs of a storm were visible. Sighing audibly, as if satisfied that the elements were in Meg's favor for a good voyage, he returned and resumed his work.

Late in the afternoon of the third day he closed the store and walked aimlessly down the beach. The cottage under the cliff was visible from where he stood. His eyes viewed it hungrily as if half expecting to see Meg come out of it and join him as she had done many times in the past.

Raymond's conscience was troubling him, but he did not like to acknowledge it. He was thinking of Meg and the annoying troubles that Sibley would inflict upon her. The trip to Boston would not be so aggravating, but once the cargo of lime and bricks was discharged, the real persecution would begin. Several days' delay in Boston, followed by accidents at sea, and the final grounding of the schooner on Pudding Head Shoals would give her endless trouble and worry. Why had he overslept himself? If he had made strenuous exertions he could have informed her before she sailed. He frowned and kicked at the sand.

Presently he turned resolutely and made his way to the cottage. Knocking at the door, he was admitted by Aunt Jane, who conducted him into the room where the invalid was trying to get the benefit of the afternoon sun thru a wide oriole window.

"How d'you do, Raymond, Mrs. Franklin greeted him, extending a hand.

Raymond shook the hand gently and took a seat by her side. He was nervous and disturbed, uncertain how to approach the subject in mind.

"Anything the matter, Raymond?" the invalid asked, smiling. "You look peaked and white, and lordy! you act as nervous as a schoolgirl."

He tried to return the smile, but it was a poor attempt. Suddenly, without premeditation, he burst out bluntly:

"Mrs. Franklin, Meg still owns her

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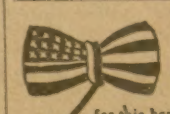

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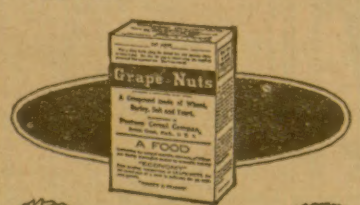

father's shares in the Belle Isle, doesn't she?"

For a moment the invalid was too surprised to answer, but later, when she had time to catch her breath, she cackled softly.

"You thinking about buying them, Raymond? Well, I reckon you can't get 'em. They ain't for sale."

"No, I didn't want to buy them," he answered irritably. "Even if I did, I couldn't. I haven't the money."

"Mebbe then," was the sly thrust, "you want to sell your shares."

Raymond laughed bitterly. "I haven't got them to sell, Mrs. Franklin. If I had them, and Meg wanted to buy them, I'd sell to her quick enough. But——"

The invalid leaned forward quickly. "You ain't got them?" she snapped sharply. "Where be they, then?"

"Where? Oh, Enoch Walton's got them—took them for collateral before—before——"

He stopped and waved his hand to dismiss the rest from his mind. "I won't go into that, I'm ruined—sold out—and I can never redeem the shares. I'm going to leave Greenfield Haven for good."

"No, Raymond, you don't mean to tell me!" There was kindly interest and sympathy in the voice. "What's the trouble, can't you tell me?"

For a moment his heart hardened; he was on the point of telling the whole miserable story of how Walton had ruined his business and got control of the shares. But looking into the white face of the invalid, he concluded that it would only add to her burdens to reveal her prospective son-in-law in his true light.

"It wouldn't do any good, Mrs. Franklin," he replied gently. "I'm not going to cry over spilt milk. I've lost everything—including my interest in the Belle Isle. Of course, that hurt at first, for father had held on to the shares for so many years, and I did want to keep them in the family for his sake if for nothing else."

"And you say Enoch Walton's got 'em?" she asked sharply, looking him squarely in the eyes.

"Yes—as collateral for a loan. I had to have money—business has been very poor—and I took them to Walton, hoping I could redeem them in time. But I can't. However, let that go. I'm not worrying about it any more. I'll begin life anew in some other place."

"Where do you calculate to go, Raymand?"

"I haven't decided yet. Things are not quite straightened out at the store, but as soon as they are I shall leave here."

Mrs. Franklin pondered in silence, glancing occasionally at her visitor. For a chronic invalid her mind was unusually sharp and penetrating; she had learned to read faces with wonderful skill.

"Raymond," she said after a pause, "you asked me a question a few minutes ago."

Raymond started from his reverie and glanced toward her. "A question! Oh, yes, about Meg's shares. But never mind. I had no right to ask you. It doesn't really matter."

"I think it does," was the calm reply, "and I'm going to answer you. No, Meg hasn't got her shares."

"Hasn't got them?" he repeated. "Then where—who has them?" He stopped and flushed. "But, of course, I have no right to ask that question. Don't answer it, Mrs. Franklin, if you don't want to."

The invalid nodded. "I'm going to answer it, Raymond, because you told me about yours, and it's set me to thinking a whole lot. Enoch Walton's got Meg's shares the same's he's holding yours—as security for a loan."

Raymond started violently from his seat and walked across the floor in agitation. When he returned to the speaker's side again his perturbation was manifest in his face.

"I didn't know," he stammered, "that—that Captain Franklin left you without means. If I'd known it, I'd helped you. Why didn't Meg come to me first?"

Mrs. Franklin smiled and shook her head.

"If you stop and think a moment, Raymond, you can answer that question yourself."

"Yes," dejectedly, "I know, all on account of that old trouble between father and Captain Franklin. But why should that stand between Meg and me? She doesn't—doesn't——"

He stopped, while a dull red surged into his face. He was thinking of the when Meg had ordered him off the schooner. Did she, after all, carry any resentment in her heart against him simply on account of the old family feud.

"No, Meg doesn't feel that way," Mrs. Franklin said gently, answering his unexpressed doubt.

Raymond gave her a quick smile of appreciation. "I was afraid she might," he stammered.

His mission was still perplexing him. Was it his duty to make a clean breast of it and tell all he knew of Walton, even to the interview he had overheard between him and Jim Sibley? Would the news serve only to cause the invalid more anxiety without helping the situation? While he reflected the bright eyes of the little woman watched him furtively.

"Raymond," she said finally, "there's another thing I want to tell you."

He looked at her inquiringly, unable to guess her meaning. She nodded and added:

"I told you a lie the other day."

"I don't remember it," he stammered.

"No, because you didn't know it was a lie. But I did, and it's been bothering me ever since. I have lots of time to think and worry about such things. I can't get them off my mind."

"It's hard to sit here all the time, and I sympathize with you," Raymond answered, laying a hand gently on the arm. "I wish sometimes I could change with you and give you a chance. I'd be willing——"

The hand pressed his gently and a tear stood in one of the eyes. She wiped it away, and continued:

"I reckon if I'm going to tell you about that lie, Raymond, you must stop talking to me like that. You don't want to heap coals of fire on my head, do you?"

Raymond nodded and smiled down into the white face uplifted to his. "No," he replied lightly, "but if it will make your conscience easier, Mrs. Franklin, let's hear about the lie. It must be a white one."

"No, it's a black one—just as black as night."

"You make me almost afraid to hear it. It must be something awful. If you're afraid to speak it aloud, whisper it."

"I'm not afraid to speak it aloud, Raymond, but I'm ashamed I ever let it pass my lips. I told you Meg was engaged to Enoch Walton, didn't I?"

Raymond nodded.

"Well, that was the lie. She ain't—never was—and, I hope she never will be."

For a moment he stood silent and voiceless, staring down at the speaker with smoldering eyes. Mrs. Franklin winced under their passionate flame, afraid lest her lie had proved a more dreadful thing than she had imagined.

"Not engaged to him?" he said slowly. "They haven't been engaged? Then—then——"

"No, Raymond, I just told you because of my pride. I didn't want you to think she hadn't any chance. He asked her, proposed to her, but she refused him; she wouldn't marry him— not's long as she could make a living out of the schooner. But I'm afraid it's coming hard on her, Raymond, and——"

Raymond Stone straightened so suddenly that he jerked the hand roughly from his arm. Seizing his hat he stood a moment as if eager to depart.

"Are you—are you offended, Raymond?" the invalid asked piteously.

"Offended! Offended! No, only surprised. But I've got my eyes opened. I'm glad you told me before it's too late."

He stopped and kissed the white face, and turned abruptly for the door.

"Where are you going?" she asked apprehensively.

"To Boston," he replied, turning his head, "by the night train. I must see Meg."

"I declare, he's gone without telling me what he come for," she murmured, as the door closed with a bang after him. "Now I wonder what's his terrible hurry?"

She smiled as she asked herself the question.

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

❦ ❦ ❦

**WISE MAN.**

My neighbor is the sort of wight
  Who has at his ten finger ends
All knowledge—so he's always right;
  Which fact he tells his foes and friends.
He knows beyond a shade of doubt
  Both this and that—so much 'tis clear
One could not name one-tenth without
  A lot more space than I have here.

He'll say of each disputed point:
  "I tell you, it is just this way—
Your argument is out of joint;
  Wait and I'll make it clear as day."
Or else he'll say: "You ought to get
  The facts, and they are thus and so.
There's no mistake—I know, so let
  Me show you that I know I know!"

There's not a thing beneath the sun
  He doesn't know, as I believe,
Except that I could tell him one
  He doesn't know—of course, 'twould grieve
Me much to give his pride a fall,
  But facts are pitiless and grim.
Altho he thinks he knows it all,
  He knows not what I think of him!

❦ ❦ ❦

## HER DUTY.

"Yes, I was out to Henry's," Mrs. Mimsey pursed her lips and looked volumes, "tho I must say it was no thanks to that Gladys. You know I ain't ever quite got over about Henry's marrying Gladys, anyway, even tho I ain't got a word to say against her. Of course she's got her faults, tho I ain't the kind to throw 'em up against her to Henry or anybody else. Just the same I can't for the life of me see what a man like Henry'd see in her, and I must say I ain't the only one that's remarked it.

"Well, as I was saying, I went out to their place to Brookridge just the minute I heard that Henry was going to be operated for appendicitis, and I stayed right there till he was up on his feet again.

"Land, now didn't you know they was living out there? I don't see how you could help hearing it, there was such an awful lot of talk about it at the time. Gladys and her folks is such awful ones to gossip. I don't scarcely see how you escaped hearing it. Yes, they moved out there pretty near right after they was married. You know we was all going to live together in the flat where Henry and me had been living, and everything was fixed up fine, kind of partnership, don't you know

"Of course the furniture was all mine, because when Henry he bought a piece it was always naturally understood it belonged to me, but Gladys never seemed to be able to get it thru her head that that was the way it was. She always acted like she thought the things was hers and Henry's, and, of course, while I ain't the kind to say very much, it wouldn't 'a' been right for me to let the remarks that she was always making pass without any reply. So her and Henry they moved out to Brookridge, and I always will say it was kind of tough on Henry to have to buy a whole new outfit when they could have stayed right with me and used my things just as long's they'd a mind to.

"No, they didn't neither Gladys nor Henry take the trouble to even 'phone me when Henry was took, and I had to hear it from that old Mrs. Simpkins that lives across the street from Mrs. Jim Perkins. You know I go out there just about once in so often to make over that old mohair Mrs. Perkins been wearing ever since she was born, I guess, and seems like she thinks it had ought to look like new every time it gets made over, at that.

"Well, when I got out there to Mrs. Perkins' she didn't have no sewing silk to finish up her dress with. Well, I run over to Mrs. Simpkins' to 'phone for the silk, and what should be the first thing Mrs. Simpkins asked me but how was Henry, and me not even knowing he was sick! Can you beat it? I guess Mrs. Simpkins she got it from Gladys' mother's sister, and I guess they'd all been doing a good deal of gossiping about it first and last.

"Well, when she says to me she understood Henry was going to the hospital the next day, I just give up everything and packed my grip and started for out there, and I guess to this day Mrs. Perkins is mad at me for not finishing her old mohair.

"Well, I went right out there, and I must say it was a mighty good thing I did, too, for it seemed like Gladys had lost about every bit of sense she'd ever had. All she could do, it seemed like, was to stand round and tell me how Henry liked to have things done for him—as if I hadn't been doing things for Henry long before she was born, tho at that she's a good deal older than what she pretends to be, I guess. So considering everything, I'm real glad I went and stuck it right out to the end till Henry was up on his feet again and there wasn't much for Gladys to do and I could leave with a clear conscience.

"And it was real kind of interesting, too, in a way. It was a terrible attact. They showed me Henry's appendix, when they'd had the operation, and it certainly was a sight! I was glad I got there in time to tell the hospital to be sure to put it in alcohol and keep it for Henry, because otherwise it might 'a' been lost, and I thought it would be something for Henry to talk about when he was getting well and time begun to drag kind of heavy on his hands.

"But you'd be surprised how funny Henry acted about it. He never would even look at it, and when I says to him how nice it would be to have to tell his grandchildren about it, he just says—now, honest, I don't know as I ought to tell you what he said because usually Henry he's just as circumspect about his language, but this time he says—I kind of hate to tell you, but what he says was: 'Ma,' he says, 'doggone it, ma, if you're so crazy about it, I wisht you could 'a' been the one to had it,' he says.

"Well, I wasn't surprised at Henry acting kind of ugly sometimes, and, of course, I never expected Gladys to appreciate me dropping everything and going out there like I did, but, there," concluded Mrs. Mimsey, "when I know it's my duty to do a thing, it's just's good's done. There ain't nothing could keep me off it. And I always says if a person just does their duty, no matter what happens to 'em, they ain't never really got anything to regret."

❦ ❦ ❦

## The Movie.

The line.
"Two, please."
The doorkeeper's smirk.
The search in the dark.
The sleeping child.
The irate mother.
The apology.
The grudging pardon.
The Star Spangled Banner.
The heroine.
The hero in khaki.
The Star Spangled Banner.
The plot.
The discovery.
The ride thru the cactus.
The field headquarters.
The quick march.
The Star Spangled Banner.
The departure of the sleeping child and the irate mother.
The scene missed in the meantime.
The Star Spangled Banner.
The battle.
The rout of the enemy.
The Star Spangled Banner.
The heroine's joy.
The kiss.
The popping popcorn bag.
The end.
The Star Spangled Banner.


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# The Wrath of God

## Or, A New Adam and Eve

### By Mason Ray

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Begun in No. 16, April 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THIS chronicle it is impossible to state what this or that person thought, as the fiction writer lays bare the innermost crannies of his puppet's mind. Frank's immediate announcement of going abroad was the one tangible proof that I had heard aright in the garden. Outwardly Sibyl moped, but I believe she actually rejoiced. It left her free to pamper herself unrestrained. She wished to eat, sleep and read novels of the worst type to an inordinate extent. She thought our isolation entitled her to self-payment. But to what extent she carried this compensation I never dreamed.

Before going, Frank, with Jim and Wally, tested the wireless at a substation. The actual test would take place after he arrived at Cornwall.

"But you are not accustomed to the sea," I reminded him, as I saw the look of agony in Diantha's dark eyes. "How can you manage such a voyage?"

"Just as Jack London cruised in the Snark," he declared. "I'll use the gasoline launch Kelly mentioned. It's in dry-dock and sound. It has air-tight compartments. Regular lifeboat."

Jim offered to accompany him, but he insisted upon going alone. Prepared for engine trouble, provided with sails, well provisioned, he would be safer than one-time passengers in the Titanic. Yet we bade him good-by as we take leave of the dead. But knowing his motive, I dared not object; and because his heart was honest, his hand closed on mine with a fraternal grip.

During the greater part of two months our hearts throbbed with dread. Our Jim and Frank's Albert almost lived at the wireless tower. Then in mid-August the home instrument began to roar and throb and flame. Bert notified us by 'phone while Jim recorded Morse signals. Word by word, bit by bit, Frank at Valentia announced his safe arrival. I wish his face had been visible as Jim transmitted proof that we heard. His new coherers had made possible this tremendous length of transmission. By the time Diantha, Wally and I reached the tower, Jim had taken down a brief account of his journey.

"Toward New York—used cars, locomotives, walked. Found boat sound as a nut in oilskins—Skipped St. Johns—too far.—Generated power here—long time.—Going to Cornwall morning."

At this point Di clapped on the receivers and assumed Jim's task. She was an expert. Frank had taught her the science, little thinking across what space messages would pass. After a time she told us Frank would construct a station and call us from Cornwall. After that we left her alone on the hilltop to bid the wanderer Godspeed.

Crops grew to maturity and were harvested. As we were not raising products to sell, the amount was limited; yet the consumers were the producers, each in his way. Eve was canning and preserving, with Jaq at her elbow, a student of the art; but Diantha was ever at Sibyl's home beyond the magnolias. Whenever our eldest vanished I knew she was engaged at business she had promised Frank to perform. Late in September the wireless again crackled out words from across the sea.

"Little and big," the traveler reported, after telling of establishing a dynamo and station, "I find fifty living people.—They demand a parliamentary government.—Kelly had rules of his own invention.—His dry laws were enforced at the muzzle of an automatic.—He's king. Parliament and police.—The stock and pets saved from the mine have increased to an astonishing number."

There was much more. After that Jim was busy answering questions. Nothing was too trivial. He thirsted for home news—about the crops, the health and occupation of each. But of Sibyl, Di alone reported.

"Pat Hogarth is mastering Morse," Frank told us in his last message. "We may find his knowledge useful."

About this time Sibyl abruptly decided to give up her establishment and live with Jaq and Wally. Jaq tearfully protested. She argued that, with scores of unoccupied dwellings, it was unnecessary for in-laws to share the one roof. But it was Diantha who vetoed the moving.

"There's something back of this," guessed my wife, after telling me of the fiery discussion and its ending.

"Di wants to save Jaq," I told her, "that's all. Walter's home would become a battlefield."

"That's true," admitted Eve, but her eyes were troubled.

I wondered if she suspected Frank's love for our girl. That horror must be saved her if possible. As I pondered this, Diantha herself appeared and, after helping her mother with the tea dishes, casually asked me a question.

"Father," said she, "what did you do for Kelly the time he—the time he was insane?"

"He was drink-crazed," I corrected. "We steamed the poison out of his system."

"Steamed? Just how?" she demanded.

In telling her details of that far-off cure I became reminiscent, and narrated the tragedy of Kelly's attack on our dear ones. When she got to her feet in the midst of my story and hurriedly bade us good night, I looked at Eve in wonder.

"Something's the matter with Sibyl," Eve answered my unspoken query.

"Exactly what?" I questioned.

"She's haggard," said Eve, conjuring up the absent face. "And she's morbid. Not grieving for Frank, I'm sure. But she works herself up to a frenzy, and Albert takes her out in the car as a sedative."

"Nothing fatal about that," I decided. "What else?"

"Something that happened this morning," Eve said slowly. "I called early to see Sibyl, but Di begged me to go back home. Begged me not to insist upon staying, but gave no plausible reason. I am puzzled—and worried."

"Probably Mrs. Cadwell was in a temper," I guessed. "Di wanted to shield her—and you."

This explanation satisfied for the moment. But next day Di remained at the Cadwell's. Until supper time Wally, Tom and I stored a second cutting of alfalfa. At six Jaq joined us, and we partook of Eve's cream biscuits with dishes of honey and fruit.

"You should see the wild chicks we scared up going for those oranges," remarked Jim. "Mother, they were thick as robins. Regular flocks."

"Next time Flora and I are going along," stated Joyace.

"That reminds me," observed Jaq. "What were you two doing in that brown house across the river. I saw you."

"Playing keep house," confessed Joy. "What of it?"

Tom created a diversion by ringing up the Cadwell home to ask if Di was coming to supper. It appeared that Narcissa answered and received a tempting invitation to supper.

"She says Di isn't coming, but she and Flora will cut across for some of these biscuits," announced our son.

"So Albert's fasting," said Jim. His tone was caustic. "Poor fellow!" Tom frowned at the implied criticism.

"If you're slamming Sis," he glared, "let up!"

At that moment the incrashing door brought us to our feet and forced from Eve a cry of compassion. At the threshold, with disheveled hair and bloodshot eyes, stood Sibyl. By her side, trying to thrust her back from sight, beseeching her to remember her children, was Diantha.

"Let me alone, you!" shouted the woman. "You always interfered!—you and Frank. Now I'm rid of him, and I'll have my wine in spite o' you and hell!"

"She broke away," Di called to me across the creature's heaving shoulder. "After a year of hiding this——"

I was at the door and snapped it shut behind me.

"Tell them in there that Sibyl is delirious, that it's brain fever. I'll have her in bed and under treatment. Let no one come but your mother."

As I carried the inebriate home by a detour that would avoid Sis and Flora, amazement filled my mind. Diantha had been caring for a feminized Kelly. She had been guarding a dipsomaniac. During months, she, for Frank's sake, had been screening a drunkard!

CHAPTER XVIII.

AS I GAINED the rear entrance of the Cadwell villa Diantha was with me.

"Where's Albert?" I asked her, as we opened the door.

"Off to town for gasoline," she told me, then led the way to Sibyl's luxurious room. The dwelling was deserted.

"Can you watch her while I 'phone to Wally?" I asked.

"Yes," said my daughter. "I've been with her day and night when she was worse than this. She has always drunk. She drank at Morningstar and again in Florida. She found liquors in saloons and drug stores."

At the 'phone I told Walter, who evidently waited my orders, to call his father by wireless and tell him to return home immediately. When I repeated the message to Diantha I watched her pale face and dark eyes. She heard me unembarrassed, unafraid. Her eyes were wide and clear.

"Frank never dreamed it would come to this," she told me. Her thoughts were of Sibyl. She was crushed by her failure to save the woman and shield her family.

"Go home, dearest," I commanded, "and rest. Your mother and I will look after Mrs. Cadwell tonight."

The inebriate either slept or feigned slumber. When Eve came we found her with closed eyes. Thinking she would sleep off the effect of her debauch we made her comfortable for the night and retreated. Once I thought I heard her stir, but Eve found her resting as we had left her. At midnight something induced me to enter the room. I passed by Eve and approached the bed. I bent over the quiet form. There was neither motion nor sound of breath. Still and white, the woman who had lived for herself had died by herself in the night.

A swift look at her tongue, a successful search for the phial explained. To liquors the dipsomaniac had added morphine. The different forms of this drug were skilfully concealed and secretly taken. No one suspected the truth. This night she had swallowed an overdose. She was not a suicide, but she was dead and dead by her own hand. No one must know the truth. I have written it, but, before death, the page shall be torn from my locked diary.

Fair and sweet, with evil lines erased from her pretty face, Sibyl, next morning, lay on a bed of flowers. Eve and I had done what was possible to rob this mystery of its horror. Later the church was embowered. Blossoms were massed as profusely as for Jaq's wedding; for this was a marriage of the spirit to immortality. Joyace and Flora sat dry-eyed and amazed, but the older ones wept softly. Diantha was half-crazed by remorse. I had to treat her as a patient. Both by words and bromides was she lured to a sane, normal condition. No one could have protected Sibyl from herself, not even Frank. And I thanked God my conscience-smitten daughter was not with the drug victim the night of her death.

Less than an hour after we knew the worst, Jim notified Frank of what had happened—except the secret I hold inviolate—and told him not to leave his post. It was my order, so he stayed.

Diantha, with our consent, assumed charge of the Cadwell household. It seemed to me a better arrangement than to destroy the home. Our children must learn to close up gaps in the ranks without thought of any other proceeding. The word "death" was never named. We called it sleep; and the children lovingly banked flowers on the pretty spot where Sibyl slept.

During that autumn and winter Cadwell told us by wireless of his activities. The entire English population attended his forenoon school, while afternoons and Saturdays were spent at manual training. He advocated the revival of many industries. Undoubtedly his boundless energy had found an outlet.

It was Jim who kept Frank in touch with home, since Diantha never entered the station nor was she named by the exile. Her adopted family became her world. Narcissa haunted the kitchen with the avowed purpose of learning to cook. This ambition our Tom encouraged.

"You wouldn't jolly her on if you had


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to eat the messes," rebuked Albert. "They're fierce. Nothing like Di's. I tell you when Di gets up a dinner I swallow till it hurts."

The youngest Cadwell girl, Flora, developed a voice that would have made her fortune when fine voices coined gold. It revived our love for music, and Di gloried in the child's wondrous singing. So we dropped into the habit of gathering evenings at either Jaq's, Frank's or our own music-room; and with this came the custom of dining together. In this manner winter melted into spring; and spring was heralded by hundreds of birds. Twenty-one years of sanctuary from harm had accomplished wonders. Partridges swarmed in woods and thickets. Robins made gay the lawn and orchards. Wrens built in every cranny of the porch. Thrushes made out evenings a feast of song. Others flitted to and fro. Added to the bird chorus was the prodigious racket of the barnyard fowls at each of our adjacent homes. No longer was the world a silent place. Nothing was still but the wireless, and that had not sounded for days. It had been silent while Tom and Walter went North for ice and later to tap for maple syrup. Jim's calls were unanswered.

"Something is wrong," decided Jim, "and it's not here. Our instrument is working fine."

Just then came a wavering spark. Hunderingly Morse characters began to form.

"Pat Hogarth is taking lessons," I guessed. "That's the fumbling of a beginner."

"Listen," cried Frank. "He's spelling 'Frank' and the next word is 'sick.' Father must be ill, maybe dying."

We sat by Jim the greater part of an hour while the instrument sputtered an attempt at a message, but the sense escaped us. Then, for a month the wireless was silent while we believed Frank Cadwell had met misforune. Diantha aged with silent apprehension. Under her dark eyes were circles like bruised flesh. She seemed always listening, always waiting for the distant wireless to crash out the announcement of life or death. In addition to this anxiety about Frank we were concerned about Jaq. A new life was to be ushered into the blossoming world, and we waited the event with dread. Eve almost lived at Walter's, while Joy looked after our home. When our strained nerves were at the limit of endurance things happened. Our grandson was born to a worshiping mother, and the wireless flamed out a message.

"Am starting home with the English colony," came with the touch of a master hand. "Four couples are anxious to be married, so we're all coming out to locate.—Would have started before, but I had pneumonia.—Now I'm homesick. Too much fog!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

WHILE we waited for the coming of Frank and his people, several residences across the river were put in order. These buildings would shelter the wanderers until they had time to look about and select what they fancied. We had ample time to clean and provision the temporary homes before they arrived at Richmond, the nearest point, and came on by train.

Ultimately they reached us, and the sight of that weary company is something to remember. First a dozen well-filled autos appeared with Frank and Kelly in the lead. Back of these were truck loads of cattle, sheep and hogs. Among them, as I found out later, was not one useless creature. Such pets as the children cherished in the mine had died, with the exception of cosset lambs. When Eve commented on the fact, she reminded me that a Higher Power had directed what should live. His will preserved what we attempted to save; and his decree banished every creature that was nonessential to life.

"The ark and animals," cried Frank.

SUFFERING CATS!
GIVE THIS MAN
THE GOLD MEDAL

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out.

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when his hand grasped mine. "What's to be done with us?"

I pointed to the buildings across the river, but his eager eyes roved in search of one face. Diantha was not in sight. But Flora came with flying feet, and Albert with Sis followed. I saw Frank clasp each of his children, and his eyes glistened with tears. I knew he thought of Sibyl with infinite compassion. I could not help knowing it was compassion for a woman he had ceased to love; yet he sorrowed for the Sibyl that might have been. I turned from the Cadwells to greet Pat Hogarth, his father and the elder Dunstan.

"We come 'long 'o Mr. Cadwell to find new 'omes near 'im," said Dunstan. His eyes were honest and gray, his rugged face showed character. "Nowt one 'o us will trouble you and yours," he assured me. "Just show us the place to settle, and we'll go theer 'long o' our cattle. Hogarth will say the same."

He did. He also insisted that they were workers and had no wish to be idle. Evidently Pat inherited auburn hair from the maternal side, since Hogarth's was black. With the black hair went dark blue eyes that showed a North Ireland ancestry. As we talked, Kelly, who had been greeting Eve and the others, joined us. As I grasped his hand and looked into his clear eyes, I rendered him homage. His manner was unconsciously that of one who rules and whose word carries weight. But this man who had governed a people had first to govern himself.

After the feast of cold meats, bread, cakes, fruit and coffee, which Eve and the girls placed on long tables under shade trees, four couples were married. Two Hogarths were united to Dunstan girls, and two Dunstan lads married Hogarths. Their parents had much of the emigrant's diffidence, but the younger generation showed the result of Frank's teaching. Moreover, their countenances were carefree instead of being lined and stamped with the parents' soul-gripping experience of universal death. Instead of toiling in the bowels of the earth for a pittance, these youngsters could drive a car, play tennis, golf or baseball; and they had fed on earth's best in the light of day. They were intelligent, graceful and adaptable. Youth, ease of mind and nourishing food insured beauty of soul and body.

By chance Eve and I witnessed Frank's meeting with Diantha. They were in the garden where roses rioted in profusion of gay tints; and there I saw him lift her hand as if he wished to touch it with his lips, but he relinquished it lingeringly and turned away to join his people.

"He waits," whispered Eve. "He's too loyal and true to speak yet."

So Eve knew of Di's tragedy all this time! Women understand when men are dense. A mother-heart sensed trouble before I learned the truth, and we each shielded the other!

Narcissa now assumed the duties of her father's house, and Di once more assisted her mother. Band concerts and home-seeking became our absorbing pastime. Eight families, including the four couples just married, sought habitation where level land might be tilled and pastures be reclaimed for grazing. Swine had increased to a drove, the children's pet lambs were now a flock, the precious cattle were a goodly herd. Fowls, from each of our yards, were divided among the new settlers. Thus, by a singular decree, the world was provided with four species essential to man's comfort. But no animal was spared that would prey upon the helpless save man alone. This I determined should be managed by new and humane methods. Not a useless creature survived. Surely a Higher Hand had planned after decades of intolerable suffering and waste. Our supreme need was cooperation. Pat Hogarth took charge of a grist mill, and each householder selected a home far enough from his neighbor to segregate his fowls. By the end of that month Kentucky had eleven occupied dwellings provided with telephones and electric lights.

When I entered the pulpit that next Sunday after the English colony arrived, the small chapel was nearly filled with people who quietly listened to my weekly lecture which mingled hygiene, morals and religion. Among these, set apart by her glorious beauty, which now was ripened to maturity, was my wife. To her I ever turned as the sailor looks to the North Star for guidance. At her side were our younger children, Robert and small Bertha; but the older ones, with Albert and Narcissa, formed our carefully trained choir. After the service Hogarth brought up the question of continuing their school, and the matter was settled by Diantha taking the lower grades, while I conducted a limited and select college course, and Frank took charge of the manual training. Tom and Narcissa attended my classes during the following winter, but I am sure they thought of nothing but each other. In June they were married, and our entire population partook of the wedding breakfast. Afterward I found Frank at my side, and he spoke of something I had long expected to hear.

"I've lost my housekeeper," he began.

"That's true," I admitted. But I would not help him on with what he wished to say.

Finally he spoke to the point. "Could you give Diantha into the keeping of a man twenty years her senior?" he demanded.

"If Di chooses to marry a grandfather," I cruelly reminded him, "that's her affair."

At that he glanced up and saw my smiling lips, my friendly eyes. Instantly his arm was acros my shoulders as in the days at Morningstar.

"Ward, I'm forgiven!" he cried. "Life isn't all dregs. Sometimes the beginning is probation to paradise!"

## CHAPTER XX.

SIXTEEN years have slipped into eternity since my last entry in this history of a new world. I am 58 years of age, and my girth verges on portly lines, despite vigorous health. Silver mingles with the gold of my wife's high-coiled locks. But an ideal existence has done much to perpetuate youth. We are in the prime of life, yet we love quiet, and have dropped into the habit of visiting Morningstar a month each midsummer. From the front veranda we sit and watch the dance and sparkle of the big lake while birds—the birds Eve saved to the earth—sing an extravagant chorus. So August is our recurring honeymoon.

"Adam-boy," smiled Eve from her chair opposite, "let us put up lunch and go fishing."

"The very thing," I agreed. The day was lazily warm. I got up from before my favorite typewriter, leaving my chronicle to be later recorded.

As we wandered down the orchard path, grouse fluttered from our approach, birds darted across our way, butterflies floated in the golden sunshine. The inland lake was a rare gem set in living green. I pushed out the boat we kept for this annual trip, and we soon left a trail of ripples in our wake. Presently the sound of an auto came to us on the still air, and the car itself raced along the lake drive.

"Why, it's Frank and Di," exclaimed my wife.

I turned back. They had spied us and waited near our dock. Diantha, I noticed, was neatly clad in brown linen, which was a product of our field and mills. Her handsome form had rounded and filled to generous lines. She looked distinguished. Her glance was direct and her manner decisive.

"You're needed at Riverside," called Frank, as we landed. "Two couples want to marry, and the grooms want new names."

"New names!" I echoed. "Why?"

"Because there's too many Hogarths and Dunstans," said Di.

"Worst mixup since the passing of Smith," declared Frank.

"Names are plentiful if that's all that's wanted," I told them.

"But it isn't all," said Frank. "We want some sort of cash."

"To gamble with," I objected. "To amass wealth and split society into classes. Never!"

With dynamic force and familiar gesture Frank outlined his idea of a safe currency.

"Come back to Riverside and hear the arguments of Kelly, Hogarth and Dunstan," said he, referring to the elder men. "We're to have a meeting. Some sort of specie is needed before harvest."

It ended by our leaving Morningstar a few days earlier than we intended. At Waverly, Dan and Jake Hogarth waited for us with a locomotive and three coaches, besides the freight car that carried Frank's auto. The run southward on a thoroly repaired track required but two days, and would have been less if we had traveled by night. By Friday evening we were home, and Saturday was spent in perfecting Frank's idea. He planned a negotiable currency which could not be counterfeited. It would represent unit values in every commodity, would be issued after every crop and bear the producer's signature. The amount of each man's specie would be recorded when issued. And after the year stamped upon its face expired the currency became automatically worthless. Ultimately this method of exchange was formally adopted.

While our congress of aged men deliberated regarding a unit value of meat, flour, fruit or any other commodity, young people banked the church with flowers. Nothing could be more beautiful than the floral decorations arranged in honor of the two couples who were to enter wedlock unless it might be the blushing brides. By the impressive marriage service Mary Hogarth became the wife of Joe Dunstan, whose name I formally changed to the old Kentucky name of Shelby. Daisy Dunstan was married to Allen Hogarth, whose name became Henderson. In this manner the confusion of similar names slowly abated.

That day, as I looked into the faces of our population, I noticed a significant fact. Not a countenance was care-lined, no one was anxious-eyed, no one feared for the morrow. Before me was a well-satisfied, self-respecting throng. There was no overwork, no straining after an old-age competency or wealth. Faces were tranquil, eyes were placid.

As the Ward and Cadwell part of our company started homeward in autos, tops were up to shelter us from a sudden shower. The first to drop out at his river home was Jim, our young physician, who had married Jessie Dunstan. The next place belonged to Albert Cadwell and Joyace. The third villa sheltered Tom and Narcissa with their three children, while the fourth belonged to Jaq and Wally and their five little ones, who waved us a gay adieu. Frank and Di turned in at Magnolia villa, so near our own home, while Bertha, who had married Fred Dunstan, and Robert, who had married Grace Hogarth, kept on farther up the river.

"'Phone Di and Frank to come over to supper," I requested Eve before I drove to the garage. "I want to talk with them about the new high school."

"They're coming," Eve told me, when I came into the kitchen.

She looked cool and sweet and handsome in her gown of crisp blue linen with its white trimming. Her beautiful face was softly radiant. Her blue eyes glowed with happiness. Together we stepped out on a side porch to observe the approach of our guests thru the shower. Shade trees scattered diamonds. The parklike grounds shone with the varnish of water. A thrush began to sing his whirling notes. Two robins braved the raindrops to run and stop, run and stop, across the dewy lawn. Then, as we saw Diantha and Frank come toward us, the setting sun burst into full brilliance and a rainbow spanned the dripping sky.

"Look," cried Eve, "the bow of promise! God is good!"

The End.

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# The Educated Owl

## By James C. Threlfall

"SLIPPERY JIM" M'CULLOUGH was penniless, yet he walked briskly along the California State highway that leads from Cedarvale to Los Angeles, and he whistled merrily as he walked.

Lots of men situated as Jim was would have worried. Not Jim. He had been penniless before, many times before. It wasn't so much worry that obsessed him in his journey as a feeling of curiosity, curiosity as to where his next meal was to come from and how.

He had spent the preceding night in the Cedarvale jail as a result of trying to execute some ventriloquial stunts on the main corner of that city without license. After a night's lodging and a "scoffing" of bread, butter, beans and coffee about eight a m. he had been told to leave town.

He had been walking for three hours. The walking was good, the sun was bright, and the morning's air had just enough of the winter nip of California in it to make life seem good and Jim was glad he was alive.

He crossed the Santa Ana bridge. The visible riverbed was dry, but the flourishing underbrush and trees testified to the presence of the other "river" that coursed beneath the sands.

An owl sat on a jagged six-foot eucalyptus stump and seemed very much asleep. Jim wondered why he chose so low a perch. He threw a stone lazily at the bird, but it flew wide of the mark.

Beyond the bridge Jim came to a hodgepodge collection of buildings. A long weather-beaten sign proclaimed that here were the headquarters of Thompson and Brown.

Jim flicked the dust from his polished shoes and from his derby hat. Neatness is a good asset in the life of the adventurer. A shabby adventurer becomes a tramp, and Jim was decidedly not a tramp.

The firm of Thompson and Brown was as catholic in its choice of business as in its choice of architecture, for various signs on the various buildings bore the nomenclature of: "Dry goods, merchandise, gasoline, auto repairs, soda water and hotel."

"Hotel," said Jim to himself. "Why not eat?"

He reconnoitered the building. A woman stood just within the entrance marked "dining-room." She was a woman of 30, good-looking and good-humored—Jim could see that at a glance. From beyond her came the smell of fried onions, probably liver and onions, which was one of Jim's favorite dishes.

He sauntered back just to get another whiff of the delightful aroma. Beyond the building an idea came to him and he quickened his steps. He paused not till he had rearrived at the river bank, when he left the road, proceeding in the direction of the snag where Mr. Owl was perched.

The latter must have been out the night before, for Jim was within ten feet of him and still he dozed on. Jim could see the feathers on his breast rise and fall. He could hear the air sough out of the creature's lungs, and still he slumbered.

Jim made a rush and grabbed the bird. It had a broken wing, hence the low perch. He flapped his good wing two or three times, and then yielded tamely to Jim.

Jim tied a string around one leg of his prey and attached the loose end of the string to his buttonhole, after which he offered the bird his hand. It perched meekly thereon and resumed its slumbers.

Jim walked back to the store. This time he entered the portion which was designated as "general store."

A man of 40 looked up from his chair as Jim came in.

"Anything today?" he asked.

"Not exactly; just passing by."

The countryman's eyes fell on the owl.

"What you got there?" he asked.

"An educated owl," said Jim.

"Educated owl," said the storekeeper. "Never heard of such a thing."

"Uh huh," said Jim. "Lots of people haven't."

"What can he do?"

"Oh, several things," said Jim, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Talk, figure, et cetera."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Take him down to Los Angeles and sell him. Want him yourself?"

"What would I want him for?"

"Draw trade. He's a real curiosity."

"I don't think so," said the merchant. "What can he do?"

"Talk, as I said before; answer questions, do figures in his head. Test him once. Why, that bird is better posted on current events, for instance, than some people."

Thompson snorted incredulously. "Oh, very well," he said, as he turned toward the owl. "Who's the President of the United States?"

Altho the owl didn't so much as open an eye or cease his slow rhythmic breathing, the words, "Woodrow Wilson," came, or seemed to come, from his mouth, or bill, as you prefer.

"Who's the smartest man in the United States?"

Jim saw an engraving of Teddy posted up in the rear portion of the store.

"Theodore Roosevelt," said the bird.

Thompson laughed. "Pretty smart bird, all right," said he.

A spider came gayly down the roof in the direction of the merchant's head. "Look out for the spider," came from the owl's direction, and the merchant spoiled the insect's game and web just in time.

"Pretty smart bird," repeated Thompson.

"Well, I guess yes," agreed Jim. "Try him on arithmetic—any little simple problem."

"Multiply seven by ninety-three."

"Six hundred and fifty-one," the bird answered fully as quickly as Jim himself could have done."

"What do you want for him?" asked Thompson.

"Fifty dollars," replied Jim. "Say, man, you could put him in a cage swinging just outside the door. He'd always have company. There wouldn't be a party of tourists ever pass him by without stopping and visiting with him. You know how they like to be amused. And when they stopped they would buy something, perhaps meals, perhaps merchandise, perhaps gasoline, certainly something."

"Wait till my partner comes in," said Thompson. "If he likes it, all right and lovely—we'll take it."

"That's fair enough," said Jim. "In the meantime I'll eat dinner." He would be that much to the good, anyway.

It was certainly a good meal to which Jim sat down. There were lots of things on the menu besides liver and onions, altho that in itself was a feast to Jim.

The pleasant-looking woman waited on him. She was Thompson's sister.

"Married?" asked Jim.

"No," said she.

She took as much interest in the bird as her brother had. It perched on Jim's shoulder, now apparently awake, now apparently asleep, but never wanting in wisdom or wit.

When the woman asked her age, the owl replied, "Twenty-five."

"Flatterer," laughed the woman.

"He goes by appearances," said Jim, and the woman laughed again.

Brown came in soon after Jim finished his dinner. He was a friendly fellow, but shy, as Jim could see, very shy. The sister went out to the machine to meet him.

"There's a darned fool," said Thompson.

"Why?" asked Jim.

"Two of them, in fact," continued Thompson. "He has been in love with my sister ten years, and doesn't know how to tell her so; and she—blest if she hasn't been in love with him the same length of time and doesn't know how to get him to tell her. Imagine two people living under the same roof like that for ten years."

Jim shook his head sadly. Such mental deficiency was unfathomable to him.

"He's forward enough in some ways," said Thompson. "Clever in a business deal. It's only that he doesn't know how to make the break, and so long as they're under the same roof it's easier to postpone a climax than to face one."

The girl had told Brown about the bird, for as he entered he broached the subject. "Buy him if you want him," he said to his partner, as he answered the telephone. "It's Martin," he continued. "Wants some flour. I'll take it right up and eat when I get back."

Brown was scarcely gone when the telephone rang again. Another customer. "Watch the store, Maida," said Thompson, "and give this man his money. I'm going up to Allison's with some potatoes."

Things were moving quickly. That suited "Slippery Jim" exactly. He creased the five notes the girl gave him and put them in his vest pocket, and the bird in an old cage which had at one time sheltered a mocking-bird.

"Good-by," said Jim, and "Good-by," responded the girl.

He closed the door after him and took a dozen steps down the road. The artistic temperament demanded a more elaborate finish. "By the way," he said to the girl, "there is one thing I came very near forgetting."

"Well?" said she.

"Sometimes the bird's vocal organs fail him. He is subject to colds."

"Yes."

"This catarrhal tendency results in the ear passage being stopped up, paralyzing the vocal organs. In such contingency," he continued, "if you will blow in his ear, the pressure will be relieved and speech instantly restored."

"Thank you very much for telling us," said the girl, and Jim went once more merrily adown the State highway.

The girl shifted the dinner pots against the return of the men, and decided to put the owl thru a few paces.

"Who is President of the United States?" she asked.

His owlship dozed placidly on his perch. She rattled the cage, whereupon he opened his eyes.

"Who is the President of the United States?"

He looked wise; of course all owls do that, but he said never a word.

"Who is the smartest man in the United States?" she asked.

The owl refused to commit himself.

She opened the door of the cage and had the bird in her hand when Brown made his re-entry. She blew gently in the feathered one's ear, and had to dodge a vicious peck from his bill.

"What are you trying to do?" asked Brown.

"He has lost his speech. His ex-master said a puff of air in the ear would cure him. Come on and help."

Brown helped. He took a leg of the bird in one hand and its midriff in the

(Continued on Page 18.)


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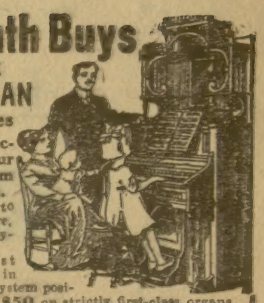

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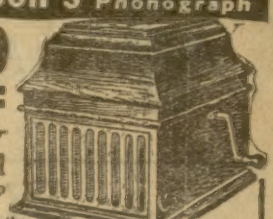

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**Her Penalty.**

He—"Does your father object to my staying so late?"

She—"No; pa says it serves me right for being in when you call."

**WHY NOT?**

The things we get for nothing
Are seldom worth the price.
And, most of all, the thing we call
Gratuitous advice.

# EXCITED TO ACTION

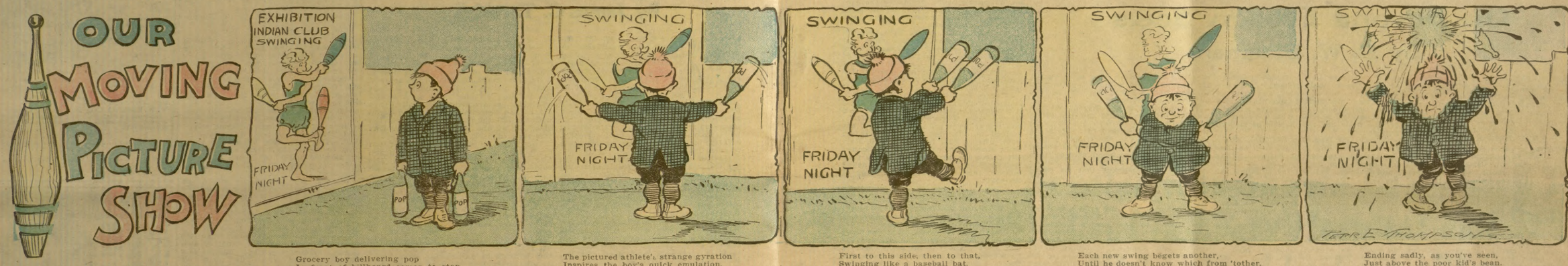
**INDUSTRIAL MOTTO.**

I work because I love my work—
But let it here be stated
I would not love it if my love
Were not reciprocated.

**Kept Her Word.**

"So Edith married a farmer. And she always said she would only marry a man of culture."

"Well, she did—a man of agriculture."




Grocery boy delivering pop
In front of billboard comes to stop.

The pictured athlete's strange gyration
Inspires the boy's quick emulation.

First to this side, then to that,
Swinging like a baseball bat.

Each new swing begets another,
Until he doesn't know which from 'tother.

Ending sadly, as you've seen,
Just above the poor kid's bean.

Newfarm—"I got three bushels of potatoes out of that little garden of mine last year."

Friend—"That's pretty good showing."

Newfarm—"I should say it was. Why, I only planted four bushels."

**Efficiency.**

The visitor was being shown about by the head of the up-to-date business house.

"Who is that dapper youth at the glass-topped desk?" he asked.

"That is the superintendent of the card index system. He keeps an index showing where the index cases are."

"Who is the young man with the gray gaiters and the efficient ears?"

"He keeps an index showing the length of time it takes to index the indexes."

"Who is the girl with the golden hair?"

"She decides under what index an index to the index of the filing cabinets shall be placed."

"And who is the gray haired man at the disordered desk in the corner?"

"Oh, that's old Joggs. He doesn't fit in very well with the rest of the office, but I have to keep him around. He's the only employe who can find important papers when I want them in a hurry."

**Corroboration.**

A Yankee, riding on a railroad, was disposed to astonish the other passengers with tough stories. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbors owned an immense dairy and made a million pounds of butter and a million pounds of cheese yearly. The Yankee, perceiving that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to a friend.

"True, isn't it, Mr. ——? I speak of Deacon Brown."

"Y-e-s," replied the friend, "that is, I know Deacon Brown, tho I don't know as I ever heard precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he makes a year; but I know he has twelve sawmills that all go by buttermilk!"

**Close to His Work.**

Two men were digging a hole for drainage. One was over six feet in height and the other not much over five feet. The foreman came along presently to see how the work was progressing, and noticed that one of them was doing more work than the other. So he called down to the big fellow below in the trench:

"Look here, Pat, how is it that little Mickey Dugan, who is only about half as big as you, is doing twice as much work?"

Glancing down at the diminutive Mickey, Pat replied:

"And why shouldn't he? Ain't he near to it?"

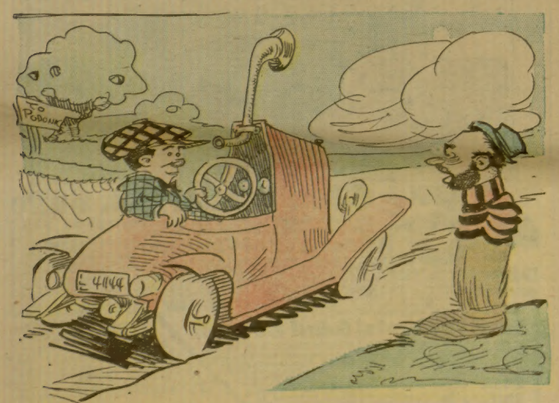
**Couldn't Wait.**

Two Irishmen sallied forth one day in search of sport. They were armed with guns and huge game bags, and as it was their first venture at shooting they were tremendously keen.

Suddenly Meehan spotted a bird, and, taking very careful aim, prepared to fire the fatal shot. Then Fergus seized him by the arm, frantically crying:

"Fer th' mercy's sake, don't fire, Meehan! Shure an' ye've forgotten to load yer gun!"

"That's as it may be, me lad," retorted Meehan, "but fire I must! Begorrah, the burrud won't wait!"



Tramp—"Could you give me a lift toward Podunk, sir?"
Motorist—"Yes; stand right in front of the car till I throw on high!"

**WAR.**

But yesterday, in No Man's Land
(The vacant lot across the way)
I saw two troops of warriors stand
And battle till the close of day.
With wooden swords and broomstick guns
They charged and raged and fought and fell;
The nations had sent forth their sons,
But which was which one could not tell.

And on the neutral sidewalk stood
The little girls, with dolls held tight,
And thought the show was pretty good,
Tho weeping at the dreadful fight.
Then by and by the heroes all
Had fallen on the gory loam—
And then they heard their mammas call
And all got up and hustled home!

Miss B.—"Your sister is getting to be quite a big girl, isn't she?"

Miss G.—"Yes; she is big enough now to wear short dresses."

**Needed on the Team.**

"Well, sir, what do you want?" snapped the irritable gentleman farmer.

"I'm the captain o' the 'Grasshoppers,' sir," explained the youth uneasily. "I've come to ax you for the use of the home medder for football this season."

"What! You—you——"

"Our treadin' on't 'ud save yer the trouble o' rollin' it next spring, sir," hastily put in the youth, with a view to calming the angry farmer.

At that moment he received a kick that sent him springing down the road at twelve miles an hour.

A few minutes later he again appeared before the owner of the home meadow. Creeping up cautiously, he said with a gasp:

"Gosh! you can kick, sir! Will yer join our team?"

**Evidently He Was Not Certain.**

"Never state as a fact anything you are not certain about," the great editor warned the new reporter, "or you will get us into libel suits. In such cases use the words 'alleged,' 'claimed,' 'reputed,' 'rumored,' and so on."

And then this paragraph appeared in the society notes of the paper:

"It is rumored that a card party was given yesterday by a number of reputed ladies. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was hostess. It is alleged that the guests, with the exception of Mrs. Bellinger, who says she hails from Leavitt's Junction, were all from here. Mrs. Smith claims to be the wife of Archibald Smith, the so-called 'Honest Man,' trading on Key street."

**From the North.**

Clarence E. Postlethwaite, general manager of sales of the Pressed Steel Car Company, tells this on a friend:

"While traveling in the South recently I was obliged to change cars. Having seated myself, I glanced out of the car window to find a motherly-looking old colored woman with a tray upon her head containing inviting quarters of fried chicken. After having regaled myself with a leg, I leaned out of the window and said:

"'Auntie, this is awfully good chicken. Where did you get it?'

"Slowly the tray was deposited upon the platform. Then looking up, she said: 'Say, mister, you's from the Norf, ain't you?'

"'Yes, auntie,' I said, 'but what has that got to do with the chicken?'

"'Well,' she said, 'I knowed you was, else you would never ask a cullud person where they get chicken.'"

**The Loan.**

Mistress — "Goodness, Bridget, where is our telephone?"

Bridget—"Mrs. Jones sent over, mum, askin' for the use av it, and I sint it over, but I had the divil's own toime gittin' it off the wall, mum."

**Right!**

Tommy — "Pa, what comes after a million?"

Mr. Gotrox — "The fortune-hunter, my son."

**The Popular Idea.**

Peter C. Kincaid, veteran New York diver, said, apropos of the Lusitania anniversary:

"If diving was as simple and easy a thing as the public think, the Lusitania and Titanic and every other sunken ship would be raised in no time.

"The popular idea of diving is reflected in the story about the man who employed two divers to hunt for a treasure chest.

"The divers went down together every morning; they only came up for their nooning. They were paid a high hourly rate, but they didn't find the chest.

"The treasure hunter got the idea they were soldiering on him, so he hired a diver detective.

"The diver detective sneaked down and found the two divers seated in comfortable armchairs in the wreck, playing poker and using the treasure chest for a card table."

**THE SKELETON.**

Within my closet dark it lies
Where bolt and bar and lock and key
Protect it from intruding eyes,
For none save mine that form shall see!

And yet I tremble and grow pale
When boisterous familiars call;
In fancy hear a woeful wail
And knocking on the closet wall.

I tremble lest those friends should hear
And into that dread closet burst,
Then turn on me with taunt and jeer
When they at last shall know the worst.

For in that closet's cedar chest,
My daily and my nightly care,
Lie many a tie and speckled vest
I bought but do not dare to wear!

Madge—"Is he all right socially?"

Edith—"Oh, yes; he is descended from a long line of brewers who had risen from a long line of kings."

**His Orders.**

When young Farmer Giles left the happy homestead and plowed fields to join the army there was not a prouder man in the land. The first time he was doing sentry duty the officer of the guard came by and called upon him to give up his orders.

"Orders!" shouted Giles. "Give up my orders!"

"Yes, certainly. What are you here for?" demanded the officer, sharply.

"Oh, I'm here to walk up and down, stand at attention, wink at the girls, look after Sergeant Murphy's bit of garden and see that nobody pinches his spades; also to see you ain't about when they fetch the beer for the guardroom prisoners, and should you come on the scene to——"

But the officer had completely collapsed.

**One at a Time.**

An Englishman who stopped overnight at a Western American hostelry noticed that instead of ringing a bell at mealtime the proprietor went to the front door and fired a double-barreled shotgun. Later in the evening the Englishman commented on the strange procedure.

"That's a novel idea of yours," he remarked to the proprietor, "calling your guests by firing a gun."

"Y-a-s," drawled the proprietor, "it generally fetches 'em around in time to say grace."

"Yes," admitted the Englishman. "But pardon the question, why do you discharge only one barrel."

"Wouldn't do to shoot 'em both," answered the proprietor. "Have to keep t'other barrel to collect pay for meals and lodgings!"

**Bearing the Date in Mind.**

Behind a warehouse in Memphis a crap game was in progress. A large, dark-brown gamester suddenly snatched up a pair of dice which had been introduced into the game by a saddle-colored stranger from up the river. He took one look at the suspicious cubes and turned to a friend.

"Slewfoot," he inquired softly as he reached for his hip pocket, "what is de day of de month?"

"De 12th of June," said Slewfoot.

"Well, you bears dat date in yo' mind," said the first speaker, "because w'en de 12th of June comes round ag'in dis here yeller pusson will a-done been daid jes' perzactly one year."

**A Funeral Service.**

In the middle of a small plowed field a motor car lay helplessly on its side. Evidently it had skidded off the road and thru the hedge. The motorist stood looking at it disconsolately.

"Hallo!" called out a genial passerby. "Had an accident?"

The motorist bit back an angry retort which rose to his lips, and then replied coldly:

"Not at all, sir. I've just bought a new car, so I brought this old one out into the field to bury it. Got a pickax and a shovel in your pocket you could lend me? I don't seem able to make much of a hole with a spanner."

**He Went Mad.**

Clarence was a commercial traveler, but tho when he traveled he was as commercial as the best of them, he was a little apt to forget such trifles as household accounts. Therefore, when wifey telegraphed to him to send the money for the rent, the wire reached him at a time when he was empty of pocket. He promptly wired back:

"Sorry. Cleaned out. Explain to landlord. Kisses."

And went raving mad when he received the following reply:

"Don't worry about money. Landlord taken kiss in part payment. Plenty more in stock."

## "BEN BOLT"---The Kid That You Were Yourself.

Don't you remember the dead things, Ben Bolt:
Our pup used to bring to our door?
He meant very well and HE liked the smell
And couldn't see why Ma was sore.

Friend—"Why, Smith, where have you been? You've got two black eyes."

Smith—"That's nothing. I could have had a lot more, only I had no place to put them."

**Had Lost a Relative.**

"Football," cried the old gentleman in the bar of the saloon, "is a sin and a disgrace! Football," he continued, thumping the table with his fist, "is an abomination and a blot on civilization! The very name of football," he shouted, sweeping two glasses and a "schooner" off the board in his excitement—"the very name of football is enough to make a decent man go and hang himself out of pure disgust!"

"The gentleman seems to feel rather deeply on the subject," said a commercial traveler, who had been listening to his remarks.

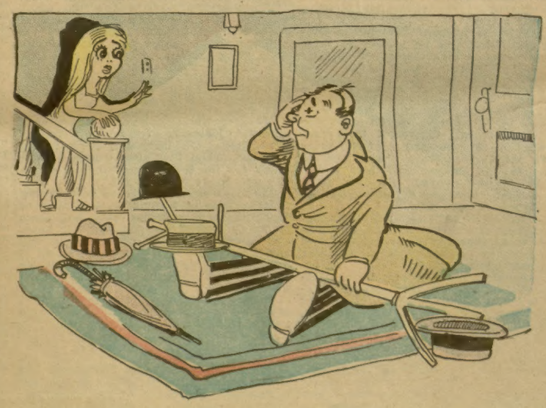
"He does," assented one of the natives.

"Has he lost something at a match?" inquired the drummer.

"He has so. Had a relative killed at one," replied the other, oracularly.

"What relative was it?" asked the querist.

"His wife's first husband!" was the response.



Newlywed (2 a. m.)—"I—er—think I fell over the hallstree."
Wife (to herself)—"Ah—if he thinks so clearly it cannot be liquor."

# The War Secret

## Or, Beyond Frozen Seas

### By E. W. Bateman

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Begun in No. 18, May 5. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THIS day will tell the cast of the dice in our lives," said Kalmaik to Gallagher, as they, toiling at the head of their little army, mounted into the foothills of the southern mountains, at the dawn of the third day since they had left the City of the Sun. "Our latest word from the scouts was that there was only about ten miles between us and a great horde of these Dog Men. Discounting the native figures about five to one, I think there must be at least ten thousand of them."

Gallagher looked over his troops as they plodded along over the ice and snow of the mountain trails. They were mighty men he saw; great of limb, deep of chest, with the courage of a savage race which has fought thru sheer necessity since the beginning of time. "I believe we will win," he replied simply to the leader of the host.

The country around them seemed a fit setting for the battle of a race against extinction. The great craggy hills were coated with snow and ice, and bitter, biting winds whistled thru them with weird calls.

With an hour's further advance the march became cautious. Gallagher sent out more scouts, and drew his men in marching order instead of the straggling column of their regular pace on the journey. In a little while a scout returned, panting, with the news that the Dog Men were advancing like the wind, and that they were just to the right wing of the horde.

Gallagher halted his men on a little plateau that commanded the surrounding hills for perhaps a half-mile. He figured from the word of the scout that the enemy would pass just below them, and that they would attack en masse on sight.

"These are wild beasts, rather than human beings," he surmised to Kalmaik. "They will be little better than brutes in their attack. One big rush, a slaughter, and it will all be over."

On the heels of his sentence there rang thru the hills surrounding a terrible cry, like nothing so much as the bark of a great dog hunting its prey. It was chorused by thousands of throats, and there swept over the hills from the plateau the advance guard of the Dog Men!

Kalmaik's memory of that attack was a great swirl of brutish fury. He saw rushing toward their ranks great monsters, covered with great coats of hair and wearing no clothing at all. They ran at times on all fours as they leaped from rock to rock with incredible agility. They carried great stones, clubs of wood and other rude weapons that nature had provided. And as they came, there rang from the throat of a great leader that doglike cry, and again it was echoed by the thousands pouring on from behind.

"They are not human!" Kalmaik shouted to Gallagher, as he looked at their savage heads, hidden almost entirely by mats of coarse hair. Only in the shape of their bodies did they resemble human beings—perhaps, Kalmaik thought, the very first man Nature ever evolved.

When the Dog Men saw the solid phalanx of silent men on the little plateau, they surged backward in a confused mass. The cowardice of the brute before intelligence was there, just as Gallagher had figured and just as he had hoped and prayed. He saw at a glance that they far outnumbered his little army of spearmen.

The halt was only a moment long. Again from the throat of the massive leader came that awful cry, and like mad bulls rushing in stampede the great front ranks came on.

White under the strain, but cool, Kalmaik, Gallagher and their fifteen riflemen lay just within the phalanx. Their rifles covered the dash of the advancing ranks, and when the Dog Men were only two hundred yards away, Kalmaik covered the breast of the great leader and gave the order, "Fire!"

Shrieks like the tortures of the damned echoed thru the hills as the rifles belched their stream of lead into the mass which rushed up the slope of the plateau!

Kalmaik saw their leader go down like a stricken bullock from his shot, and then he pumped his rifle madly into the milling mass which struggled around the first pile of dead. It was sickening to him, but he kept his head and gave the order to fire at will. The crack of rifles rose high above the din of the cries from the suffering brutes and the shouts of the natives who were seeing for the first time the miracle of modern gunfire.

Quickly the Dog Men fell back before the withering line of lead, such as they had never experienced before. They left more than one hundred of their number lying writhing or dead on the field.

In the pause the guns were quickly loaded and ready for the second attack. Mad with the smell of blood, the great brutes swung back in a more terrible attack than the first had been. With eyes aching from the sting of powder, Kalmaik pumped his rifle until the barrel burned his hands, and thru the haze he could see broken creatures piled in a grewsome ring about the hill. But they did not stop. With screams of rage which tore the ear like the wails of lost souls, they clashed on the serried ranks of the natives—and met the immovable force of the phalanx.

The natives showed what fighters they were then, and justified Gallagher's great faith in them. While the rifles poured a hail of biting death into the ranks that attacked them, the warriors swung their battle clubs, with their mighty war cries ringing out in challenge to the brutes who snarled at the line of death. From between the clubmen protruded a wall of stone-headed spears, on which the Dog Men cast themselves in fury, only to die. Tho occasionally a flailing club tore thru the ranks and crushed the skull of a native warrior, his place was quickly filled. The phalanx, as old as Macedonia's greatest king, once again proved its worth.

It was over quickly. The slaughter could not last, and when the Dog Men broke their attack, they fled like dogs indeed that were receiving whippings from their masters. With difficulty Gallagher restrained his native ranks from breaking in pursuit, but he held them, quickly swung his square into two columns, and advanced them double-quick in a flanking movement, simple but effective, and held the formation that he had originally, except that the pursued were inside one-half of the square.

Broken in spirit and fleeing like the whipped animals that they were, the Dog Men fell easy prey to the great battle clubs and swishing spears of the natives. Some of them turned, snarling, to attack a single warrior with their teeth, only to meet the smashing blow of some comrade who was at his side. It was a slaughter of them, and their flight became maddened, unheeding.

It was nearly nightfall before Kalmaik, Gallagher and their small advance guard returned to the little plateau which had made the first battlefield. It was literally strewn with the bodies of the great brutes who had fallen.

"We must have killed more than two thousand of them, all told," Gallagher mumbled, as he surveyed the scene, and silently Kalmaik nodded his head. It had been the first battle he had ever seen, and tho he had borne a great brunt of it, he was brooding after its end.

"Gallagher, somehow, I feel all is not well at the City of the Sun," he said, as the queer light of the Antarctic night transformed the plateau into a stage of ghostlike shapes and shadows.

"Nonsense!" replied the mate, cheerily. "The natives wouldn't do anything but worship that precious princess of yours, and that's what you are thinking of. We'll be back within a few days, and then you'll be satisfied."

"Gallagher, it is only three months, now, according to your count, until spring." Kalmaik kept on as if he had not heard. "I am going back to the Virginia, when that time comes, and be ready for the breaking of the ice fields. We will make it back yet."

The little mate seemed to be thinking for the time of the miles and miles of desolation and suffering they had come to safety, and of the grueling trip back, the dangers which it would bring and the uncertainty of its end. Then, as if ashamed of his failure to reply, he grinned and answered straight out of his heart:

"I had to think a minute before I could say it," he said. "But I'll be with you until the last card is played."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE march back to the City of the Sun was one of triumph. News of the great defeat and slaughter of the Dog Men and the triumph of the great White Gods, children of the Sun, had gone before them. Each village and town on the return route wanted them to halt for a feast, and Kalmaik allowed a few stops of a day at the time. But he hastened, for he knew there would be one waiting to hear from his own lips that he was unharmed and victorious.

The approach to the City of the Sun was one of haste, and the population barely had time to turn out to greet them. Kalmaik seemed to note, in the manner of a few of the temple priests, a queer restraint when he was among them, a kind of fear which showed when he turned and spoke to them. Finally it became so apparent that he called Gallagher to him.

"There is something wrong," he said. "Question some of these men of the temple at once."

Gallagher turned and fired a question at the nearest of them. The man cringed and bowed to the ground. Kalmaik could tell from his attitude he was begging for mercy. Then he spoke at length, and Kalmaik, watching Gallagher's face, felt his heart turn to ice within him. He grasped the little mate by the shoulder with a grip of iron.

"Quick, man, out with it!" he cried. "What has happened?"

"Bear up, Kalmaik, for God's sake!" the little mate whispered. "Lisenger has clubbed his guards while they slept and all but killed Doctor Philpott. With the latter's rifle and with his five men he has fled for the ship—taking the girl with him!"

For a moment it seemed to Kalmaik that the whole world had suddenly gone top-side down.

"Ask him again, Gallagher. It cannot be true!" he cried, his face blanching with horror at the thought.

"It is only too true," replied the little mate, with a savage oath for the German. "The priest says the Evil God we had in prison has fled, taking Maltheron, and his men are pulling a sled loaded with meat and bread roots. He has taken Doctor Philpott's rifle and ammunition, after almost braining him with a club. The Doctor is lying in the temple now. And may God curse Lisenger, for the girl had those plans!"

Kalmaik said never a word, but the death pallor in his face faded slowly before a rush of savage red. "God, but I would hate to be Lisenger!" thought Gallagher, as he looked at his chief. The big American turned on his heel and went to the temple, and Gallagher followed.

Kalmaik did not stop a moment. He went methodically to work, making a pack in a huge skin which lay on the floor of his sleeping-room. The only time he spoke to Gallagher was to ask him to get him forty pounds of dried meat. The mate did as he was told, for he could tell by the set of the jaw and the glint of the eye of his leader that there was no need of arguing.

In a half-hour a fifty-pound pack was ready, and then Kalmaik took Gallagher by the arm and led him in where Doctor Philpott lay. The injured scientist was sleeping at the time.

"The medicine man says he will live," Gallagher said quietly, as Kalmaik gave him a questioning glance.

"Then our course is set," said Kalmaik. "You get the men together and make a sled as large as you are able to haul, and load it with meat. It must be around the first week in March on our ship calendar, and you must bring enough to last for three months. According to your own figures, the ice should break by then, and we will make the coast."

"But what of you?" asked Gallagher.

"I am going after Lisenger—alone," quietly answered his leader.

Once again Gallagher started to protest, but he looked at Kalmaik's face and saw there that thing which made him desist.

"I am going now," Kalmaik continued. "They have three days' lead on me, and I must cut it down. I have my course of action mapped out. I am going to take their trail and see they take the right direction for the ship. As rapidly as possible I am going to overhaul them, conquer Lisenger"—his jaws snapped short on the words—"and then make a dash for the ship with his men to carry the supplies he has. The greatest danger now is that he will lose his way."

The two men gripped hands, and Gallagher's eyes moistened slightly as he noted the pain and horror in those of his companion and fearless leader. He felt, too, the fears that were racking the brain of Kalmaik.

"Remember this," he said, as a word of parting. "We will be only two or, at the most, three days behind you. We will have the largest sled the natives can rig up, and we will have it loaded with dried meat, which is better food than what we came out on. We'll bring Doctor Philpott on one end of it. The men are in good shape, and if you leave a plain trail, I believe we will make it—barring accidents."

A few moments later the people of that strange city were getting the last sight of their deliverer, as, with an ungainly but comfortable pack on his back holding a month's ration, he struck the outbound trail at a pace such as the most hardened of their warriors would have been pushed to make.

Kalmaik hoped against hope that the fortress at the mountain pass would stop Lisenger, but he knew in his heart there was no chance. A man in possession of a "club of fire" had his will with the natives, and Lisenger had known this and had risked his life with Doctor Philpott to get one.

In three days he was at the fort, and learned that six days before the little party had passed thru. The Evil God, he was able to learn from the chieftain, had the princess bound on the sled, but seemed to offer her no harm. In an hour, after a halt for warm food, Kalmaik stood outside the pass and looked out across the great valley. "Are they lost there, or across by now?" he asked himself, anguish for the girl tearing at his heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ACROSS the fire from her, Erich Lisenger glared at his wife-in-name, and swore a bitter oath in German.

"I tell you," he raved, "that you shall give me those plans. The life and future of my country lie with them. I have risked my life a dozen times for them. I have fought a dozen times for them. I have sweated out for them money for which I must account. Where are they now?"

Mary Philpott, poorly clad for the terrible trip she had undergone during the three weeks since the German had stolen her bodily from the City of the Sun, sat shivering and miserable over the little blaze made from the remnant of the sled with which they had started out. Around her sat the five men of the engineer's crew. Each one showed the effects, as she did, of the journey they had undertaken. Ever and anon there smoldered in their eyes a rebellious light, and one—a young German lad with a pity in his eyes for the girl—sat still as a cat and watched every move of her tormentor. Lisenger held his ever-ready rifle in the crook of his arm as he glared across at her.

"I shall never tell you and you shall never find them," the girl replied, in a weak voice, but resolutely. "I feel that

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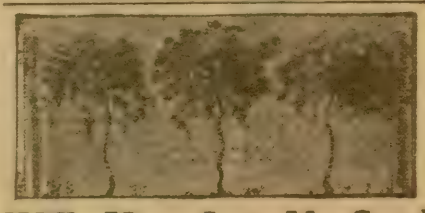
Wonderful, genuine Tifnite gem ring. Solid gold 6 prong tooth mounting. Gem nearly a carat large. Looks like a genuine diamond. Stands all diamond tests. Brilliant, beautiful, dazzling. Yours to wear for 10 days. Send no money. Just ask us to send this superb ring. (Send string or strip of paper fitting 2nd joint of finger.) Then if you consider it an extraordinary bargain, send $3.50 on arrival and $3 monthly until only $12.25 is paid. If not satisfied return in 10 days at our expense and any payment made will be refunded. No risk to you. Keep ring only if you find it an amazing value. Only 10,000 to go out on these terms. Send now while offer is on.

THE TIFNITE GEM CO., Dept. A Ranc McNally Bldg., Chicago



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We have made an arrangement with one of the big nurseries to send out this fine collection of 6 Hardy Grapevines as a special gift with The Farming Business.

The Red, White and Blue Collection consists of 2 Rogers No. 15 Red Grape, 2 Pocklington, white, and 2 Concord, blue. The vines usually commence fruiting the second year after planting and will grow and be a joy and delight to you for many years to come.

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500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I inclose 50 cents, for which send me The Farming Business for one year, and as a gift, the Red, White and Blue Collection of Six Hardy Grapevines.

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I am doomed to die—in fact, I have been dying by inches for a week. But you, a spy for money and not for the good of your country, if you succeed in getting that ship off, must go back and tell them—that you failed."

There was a snarl in the throat of the German when he replied.

"But I shall know," he answered, the savage coming uppermost in him, and brutality leaping into his eyes as he looked at her. "I have fire and I shall make you talk, Rhielander," he commanded one of his men, "bare her shoulder." He picked up a firebrand and turned the muzzle of his rifle on his follower.

He spoke to the German youth who had watched him like a cat for three weeks. The lad got to his feet slowly, and walked over to where the girl sat, but he kept his eyes on the hands of Lisenger. He seized the girl by the hands to raise her, and weakly she fought him, the instinctive cry of womanhood springing from her lips and sounding over the barren ice fields like the tolling of a funeral bell. Startled, the youth let go his hold.

"Rhielander!" the Baron roared. "Bare her shoulder, or I'll shoot you as you stand!"

All eyes of the little party were turned upon the worn figure of the woman and the flaxen-haired youth with pity in his eyes who stooped slowly to raise her. They could see nothing else save that—and the waving brand and menacing rifle of the cruel man who held them.

"Rhielander!" shouted a clear, strong voice behind Lisenger. "Take this rifle and keep it until I settle a score with this dog."

The rifle of the German leader seemed to shoot from his grasp to the feet of his subordinate, and Lisenger, with the others, turned, with a common cry of terror—to see Richard Kalmaik, trail-worn but clear-eyed, with a rifle held carelessly, but aiming directly at Lisenger's body. The girl broke first, and sank sobbing on the ice.

"Pick her up, Rhielander," Kalmaik commanded gently.

Then, like two mammals of the land whose borders they had just left, Lisenger and the American eyed each other, and the red rage of his race burned high in the latter's face.

"Burner of women, spy and traitor, murderer!" he snarled thru clinched teeth. "I have driven myself four hundred miles in two weeks to kill you, and I shall. But I am going to do it like a man, not as you would."

Kalmaik dropped his pack from his shoulders and stood forth, clad in his suit of skins he had worn from the City of the Sun. "Rhielander, take my rifle also," he said. "I am going to do this with my naked hands." And he flung his gun to the waiting German, and stripped his hands of the native gloves he wore.

Lisenger, with a joyful grunt, did likewise, and barehanded, in the bitter Antarctic cold, they faced each other. The German youth, who watched as a great cat, kept his eyes on Lisenger.

Slowly the two men, giants in stature, but unalike, approached each other for the struggle on the slippery ice which meant death for one of them. The girl, sobbing, hid her face. Then Lisenger, like a lion striking for its prey, smashed out for Kalmaik with one giant arm.

The latter caught the blow and clinched with his opponent. They struggled standing, until Kalmaik got one arm free and smashed a terrific blow home over the heart of the German. The latter reeled and fell, and Kalmaik sprang for him, but like a huge cat Lisenger spun on his knees and caught the American about the thighs. He flung him like a block of wood to the ice, with stunning force.

Then there were five voices joined in a common German cry of admiration when Kalmaik sprang to his feet as if the fall had been nothing, and attacked the German as a cyclone would strike an oak. There was too much at stake, he knew, to clinch again with the German, so he rained blow after blow to the face and body of Lisenger, who, untaught in ring fighting, could only raise his arms and dash after the American, who stayed just beyond his reach, and smashed home blows with the force of a trip hammer. No man could have stood it as long as did Lisenger, and finally he gave a huge sigh and fell face forward on the ice.

With a cry of triumph Kalmaik dashed forward and grasped him by the throat and jerked him to his feet. "Stay up, you dog, until I finish you!" he cried.

Lisenger answered by a quick snatching at his breast, and then from beneath his shirt he drew a stone spear head, and grasping it firmly, he swung a tremendous blow at Kalmaik. The latter caught his arm and held it high in the air, but suddenly the German let go, and threw Kalmaik off balance. He slipped, and a blow from behind sent him to the ice, and the stone dagger flashed high above his throat.

Rhielander, the youth who had never taken his eyes from Lisenger, made a single move. It was a great bound to where the two struggled on the ice, and the rifle Lisenger had given him flashed up and came down with crushing force on the head of the German. The heavy barrel of steel dashed out his brains, and it was a lifeless body Kalmaik shoved aside.

"Rhielander," he said sternly, "what right had you to cheat a man of his righteous prey?"

But the German youth merely shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and thrust out his hand. He answered in German: "I owed him a heavier debt than you, Herr Kalmaik. And I have owed him longer. I am only sorry he died not knowing who killed him, or why."

To the boy's delight Kalmaik answered in German: "It was really better, Rhielander. Will you men stand by me now until we can reach the ship?"

"They will stay with you or go with you as I wish," the young German answered. "We will gladly serve you, Herr Captain."

Slowly Kalmaik walked over to the girl, who lay still on the ice, but whose sobs still racked her body. She opened her eyes dumbly, looked again, and then with a cry of joy mingled with helplessness, sprang into Kalmaik's arms.

He held her there, shielding her eyes, until Rhielander and his companions had carried their erstwhile chief a few hundred yards away from the camp. While they were gone he whispered to her.

"We will make the ship, dear," he told her. "And I believe your troubles and mine shall soon be over. As for him," and they both knew who was meant, "he is gone out of your life, and, thank God, I did not have to do it!"

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. It costs you only $1.00 and you will not regret it.

* * *

## His Ruse.

The commercial traveler seated himself in the corner seat and carefully adjusted his portmanteau on the floor.

Then he handed a newspaper to a passenger opposite, and remarked:

"Another of those dispatch riders captured, you see; they don't know the A B C of their business."

"I suppose you could teach them?" remarked the man opposite, with an attempt at sarcasm.

"Well, I think so. You don't know Jones, I suppose—Jones of Birmingham? Smart man, he is! Well, he went out to the front with the yeomanry. He was given some dispatches to carry, but he didn't get caught. No, sir. He had his head shaved, and then had the message tattooed on his scalp. Then he applied his hair-restorer and he felt safe. He was stopped three times and searched, but, of course, nothing was found. Finally he reached his destination, had his head shaved again, and went to show his head to the general. Oh, he was smart, I tell you! And now, gentlemen, if any of you would like to try a bottle of our 'Grownup' hair-restorer, price three-and-sixpence, I will give a written guarantee that—— Thank you, sir. Good day! I get out here."


# Nuxated Iron Should Be Used in Every Hospital and Prescribed by Every Physician

*Says Dr. Howard James, late of the Manhattan State Hospital of New York and formerly Assistant Physician Brooklyn State Hospital.*

**It quickly enriches the blood, strengthens the nerves and puts most astonishing youthful power and vigor into the veins of both men and women. It often increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 100 per cent in two weeks time.**

**Opinions of Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, and former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, and other physicians who have tested Nuxated Iron in their own private practice.**

In a very interesting and instructive discourse on the great values of plenty of iron in the blood, Dr. Howard James, late of the Manhattan State Hospital of New York and formerly Assistant Physician Brooklyn State Hospital, said:

"A patient of mine remarked to me (after having been on a six weeks' course of Nuxated Iron),

**"'Say, Doctor, that there stuff is like magic.'**

"Previous to using Nuxated Iron, I had been prescribing the various mineral salts of iron for years, only to meet complaints of discolored teeth, disturbed digestion, tied up, hardened secretions, etc., when I came across Nuxated Iron, an elegant, ingenious preparation containing organic iron, which has no destructive action on the teeth—no corrosive effect on the stomach, and which is readily assimilated into the blood and quickly makes its presence felt by increased vigor, snap and staying power.

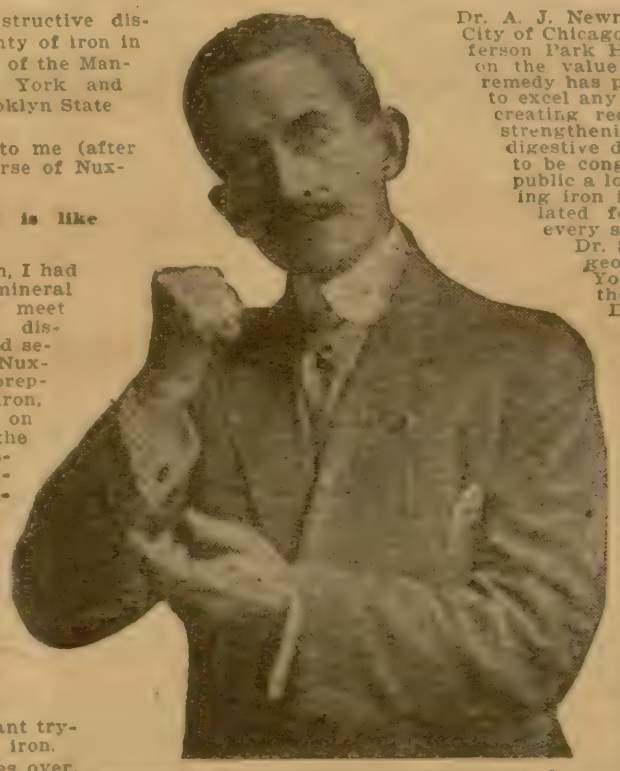
"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron.

"As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more or less than a weakened condition brought on by a lack of iron in the blood."

"Thousands of people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it.

"If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron I feel it is such a valuable remedy that it should be kept in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician, who has studied both in this country and great European medical institutions, was asked what he thought of Dr. James' remarks. In reply, he said: "I fully agree with Dr. James. People need more iron. There can be no strong, vigorous iron men and beautiful, healthy women without iron. Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty, and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30, he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth.



*Dr. Howard James, late of the Manhattan State Hospital of New York and formerly Assistant Physician Brooklyn State Hospital tells physicians he believes that more Nuxated Iron should be prescribed to meet the great problem of iron deficiency with its attendant symptoms of weakness, nervousness, lack of vitality, paleness, and generally run-down conditions.*

**WARNS AGAINST USE OF ORDINARY METALLIC IRON so commonly taken by most people**

Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, in commenting on the value of Nuxated Iron, said: "This remedy has proven through my own test of it to excel any preparation I have ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders. The manufacturers are to be congratulated in having given to the public a long-felt want, a true tonic supplying iron in an easily digested and assimilated form. A true health builder in every sense of the word."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, was also asked what he thought of Nuxated Iron. In reply Dr. Jaques said:

"I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

The next to be consulted was Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, who said:

"I heartily concur in all that Dr. James has said, only in some respects I would go further. Dr. James forgot to mention how foods lose their iron value by improper methods of cookery. In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated corn meal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked are responsible for another grave iron loss. Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

### Anxious to Learn What It Was.

McSimpson is very fond of his wife, so much so that after a little tiff with her he went about looking very down in the mouth.

"Halloa, old fellow!" exclaimed Jawkins, on seeing him, "what's worrying you?"

"My wife and I had an—an argument the day before yesterday," said McSimpson, "and something I said offended her so much that she hasn't spoken to me since."

"I say," cried Jawkins, with cynical eagerness, "would you mind telling me what you said?"

### Accounting for It.

The sergeant-major was making an examination of the kits and when he came to the kit of Private Flynn he noticed the absence of soap, and asked him what excuse he had to give.

"Please, sir," exclaimed Flynn; "it's all used."

"Used!" shouted the sergeant-major. "Why, the first cake of soap I got lasted three years, while you are not a year in the ranks yet. How do you account for that?"

"Well, sir, I wash myself every day," and the entire company grinned.

### They Had Black Eyes.

"Cook!" said the waiter down the kitchen speaking tube. "Gent won't 'ave these taters! Says they're no good!"

"Can't 'elp it!" replied a deep voice from the nether regions. "'E'll 'ave to 'ave 'em! We ain't got none that's any better!"

"Well, 'e won't 'ave 'em! 'E says they've got black eyes!"

"Black eyes? Black eyes? Lumme, that ain't nothin' to do wiv me! The beggars must 'ave got fighting after they went into the pot!"

### He Got the Tickets.

Jack and Joe were taking their seats in the train, when Jack suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to get tickets.

"Hi, Joe!" he said. "You just run round to the ticket office and get the tickets, while I keep your seat for you!"

A minute later Joe reappeared with two tickets.

"But, lumme," cried Jack, "you haven't had time to go to the ticket office!"

"Oh, no!" replied Joe quickly. "Oh, no! I just went to the next car, shouted, 'All tickets, please!' and I got a handful! Them two are all right for Omaha!"

# Classified Want Ads

## Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

**W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.**

## SALESMEN WANTED

**TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED**—Experience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of members we have placed in positions paying $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. B-37, National Salesmen's Training Ass'n, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

## AGENTS WANTED

**LET'S ALL BE AMERICANS NOW**—American flags, posters, buttons, window shields, pennants and all patriotic emblems. Live agents wanted. Big money guaranteed. The demand is great, the sale is easy; get into a successful business. The big national holidays are coming, so act at once. Send 25c for complete samples and special agents' proposition. Murphy & Brown, 160 N. 5th ave., Chicago, Ill.

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR A BEAUTIful** new suit, made to your own measure free, and make $35 to $50 extra every week? You can be the best dressed man in your town and earn a lot of extra money if you write at once for our beautiful samples and wonderful offer. The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 265, Chicago.

**CASH IN ON BONE DRY BILL. MAKE $8** a day easy. Will show you how with our Concentrated Pure Fruit Drinks. Wanted everywhere. Small package—just add water. Here's the chance of a life time. Grab your territory. Write quick. American Products Co., 6154 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

**$50 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXICAN** Diamonds. Exactly resemble genuine; same rainbow fire; stand tests; sell at sight; repeat orders. Write quick for sample case offer free. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., K. J., Las Cruces, New Mexico.

**RUSH POSTAL FOR FREE SAMPLE "SPIK & Span."** Wonderful new washing tablet. Washes clothes spotless, without rubbing. Tremendous seller. 200% profit. Free samples to boost sales. Charles Newberry, 200 Peoria, Chicago.

**WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing** everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

**AGENTS—$12 A DAY. SELL OUR TRANSfer** initials and patriotic emblems. Applied to automobiles in ten minutes. Whirlwind seller. $1.35 profit on $1.50 order. Write quick for samples. Auto Accessories Co., 400 Advertisers Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

**PORTRAIT AGENTS SEND FOR OUR** large catalog. 16x20 frames 14c up. Portraits at 35c. Samples free. Credit given. Address Friedman Mfg. Co., Box 120, Martinsburg, Mo.

**NEWEST MONEYMAKER: 11 PIECE TOILet** set selling like blazes at $1.00, with $1 carving set free! Enormous profits! Tremendous hit! Randall sold 30 one day. Success sure. M. Pierce Co., 906 Lake, Chicago.

**AGENTS—$30 A WEEK AND EXPENSES** selling window gold sign letters. Anyone can put on. Free samples. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

**NO LIMIT TO PROFITS SELLING SANIitary** household brushes. $50 weekly not unusual. Anyone can do it. Particulars free. Sample for 10 cents. Puritan Co., Dept. B., 1966 Broadway, New York.

**YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU ACCEPT A** tailormade suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 563, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

**AGENTS WANTED—TO ADVERTISE OUR** goods by distributing free sample to consumer. $0 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. Thomas Mfg. Co., 511 N. North St., Dayton, Ohio.

**WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—** Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

**AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME** that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lesston Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

**AGENTS: NEVERFAIL IRON RUST AND** stain remover—Big summer leader. Huge profits. Big line. Credit. Sample. Sanford-Lee Co., Inc., Newark, New York, Dept. 5.

**REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.** Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied.

## HELP WANTED

**$20 TO $35 PER MONTH EXTRA MONEY** to any employed person without interfering with regular work. No selling, no canvassing. Positively no investment. Unemployed need not apply. Address The Silver Mirror Co., Inc., 211 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

**WANTED—MEN-WOMEN. $75.00 MONTH.** List government jobs open—free. Franklin Institute, Dep't C 28, Rochester, N. Y.

**WE PAY 25c EACH FOR FARMERS'** names. Send dime for contract. Sun, Leroy, Mich.

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# Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

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For Display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

**5,000,000**

READERS WEEKLY.


## GENTLE JABS

Most excuses are not worth the trouble.

Don't tell all you know. Keep a little for seed.

Hope is a dream a man has when he is awake.

Nobody ever ran a successful corner in happiness.

Feminine finery has ruined more men than strong drink.

Be careful how you give advice. Somebody might take it.

Few people are ever on time; they are either late or early.

It flatters a married man to tell him that he doesn't look it.

A busy man talks but little. A busybody never stops talking.

One squeeze finishes a lemon, but it only gets a girl interested.

How much better a thing tastes when the doctor forbids you to eat it!

But the married woman's ideal man is one who thinks he has an ideal wife.

Down deep in the heart of every so-called woman hater there is a longing to have some woman pet him.

There is an element of success in every man, yet he seldom utilizes it until some smart woman takes him in hand.

Always look on the bright side of things and if you are going to invest your coin therein, look on both sides.

Too many people spend their time condemning the conduct of others instead of spending it in improving their own.

If some people knew half as much as they thought they knew they wouldn't have such a good opinion of themselves.

There are two periods in a man's life when he doesn't understand a woman. One is before marriage and the other after.

Tho a man expresses his willingness to obey a woman's slightest wish, he usually draws the line at the large-sized wishes.

A woman writer says that mischief causes dimples. The majority of men are under the impression that dimples cause mischief.

When you meet a famous man you usually wonder why he is so careless of his reputation as to go about letting people meet him.

If you think some girl beautiful, you and she have one point of agreement from which to negotiate a complete understanding.

Why is the average man more polite to people he never expects to see again than to those whose good opinions are worth cultivating?

When a man waits to make sure he is right before going ahead he may find himself distanced by a less conservative individual who was willing to take some chances.

# Home and Health

### FASHION NOTES.

Separate skirts are made of white crepe de chine.

There is a great deal of gray worn this spring.

The spring tailored costumes are distinctly more severe.

Zouave jacket effects in tricot are on chemise frocks of satin, and narrow natural pongee embroidered sashes are used on the navy blue frock with Chinese flat fringed ornament at the ends.

Steel beads are used for a smart ornament with a high spike of jet coming from the center and this is posed on a military turban of black and white novelty straw with the crown tip of white Georgette.

The cheapest dresses for little girls from 4 to 10 years old are of good washable gingham well made and cut in Oliver Twist models. These dresses come in plain and candy checks in rose and blue and brown. The collars and cuffs are white and the buttons are of white pearl.

Smart, little cone-shaped bunches of red and yellow wrinkled berries are pointed toward the heavens about the crown tip of a boat-shaped red Milan turban. Gray novelty braid is made into a military turban with the high front turned back from the face and a sort of chain arrangement across the base in the front wrapped in gray metallized ribbon and connected at either side to the back by bands of gray Georgette.

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Keep the stove shut up when not in use.

The house should be flooded with fresh air twice a day.

Keep a paint brush in turpentine to keep it soft between usings

Aluminum should never be cleaned with strong soap or scouring powder.

When you wash a child's tam-o'-shanter hat, dry it over a dinner plate and it will not shrink.

A white kitchen is not only cheerful, but it makes dirt so apparent that it has no chance to hide.

To prevent damp and rust attacking the wires of a piano, tack a small bag of unslaked lime inside the instrument just underneath the cover. This will absorb all the moisture.

Here is a clever way to perfume handkerchiefs and underwear; Supply your washwoman with a good-sized piece of orris root which she is to throw into the water in which your linen is boiled. When it comes back to you it will be delightfully perfumed. Slip your handkerchiefs between the folds of a sachet filled with violet powder, as violet combines deliciously with orris.

### HEALTH NOTES.

Never take a cold bath when you are fatigued, and never stay in a hot bath after you begin to feel tired. Fifteen minutes is long enough for any bath.

A medicine dropper may be used with good effect in removing cinders from the eyelids by drawing them out by suction along with the fluids that have formed. A little pointed roll of soft paper also may prove useful.

No one is immune from accidents, and among the most common of these are the injuries caused by scalding. The pain of the sufferer can be greatly alleviated before the doctor arrives if somebody present knows just what to do. Scalds should be treated practically the same as burns. The first step is to exclude the air by means of a covering with the white of an egg, a piece of clean old linen saturated with olive oil or even pure unsalted butter. In mild scalds leave the blister alone for twenty-four hours, but if the skin is badly scalded and the blisters are much raised above the surface prick them at the edge with a sterilized needle and gently press until the liquid comes out. Great care should be taken not to injure the loose skin covering the blisters, as it is needed as a protector to keep the scald from getting raw.

### NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

An evidence of the value of tiny tucks was seen on a white voile blouse. The deep sailor collar had a border formed of tucks, and down the front of the blouse there was a straight piece of voile with tucks running horizontally from neck to the waist line. The tucks were short enough to allow the sides of the panel to flare.

Darning by machine is easy, speedy and results in a mend that is scarcely noticeable. To darn, place the article in an embroidery frame to hold steadily and keep it straight; move the stitch of the machine to the shortest point and take out the presser foot screw. Use a fine thread. Place the article to be darned under the needle, hold firmly and move steadily back, forth, sidewise or wherever you wish to go, not turning the goods around at all.

### RECIPES.

TRICADILLOES — One large cup chopped cooked meat (veal, beef or lamb), one-half cup breadcrumbs or boiled rice, one tablespoon onion, chopped fine, seasoning of salt, pepper and sage. Moisten with beaten egg and water. Shape and brown them in drippings, or prepare and cook as croquettes in deep fat.

COFFEE CAKE—Take a small tablespoon of butter and the same of lard and cream them with about one-half cup of sugar. Add an egg well beaten, three-fourths cup of milk and stin in a pint of flour in which has been sifted one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder and a little salt. Stir well together and spread in a shallow pan. Sift sugar over the top, also cinnamon, and dot with little bits of butter. Bake in a hot oven.

STEWED POTATOES—Pare, wash and cut into half-inch thick about a quart of potatoes. Put a large teaspoon of butter in frying pan, add tablespoonful finely chopped onion and fry until a golden brown. Stir in a tablespoonful flour, and when all is well blended add two small cups hot water, small teaspoonful salt, tablespoonful chopped parsley, if you have it, and a little pepper. When it boils up good, stir in the potatoes, cover closely and let simmer gently until cooked. Delicious with dry meats or fish.

It is exactly as difficult to keep out of love as it is to keep out of trouble.


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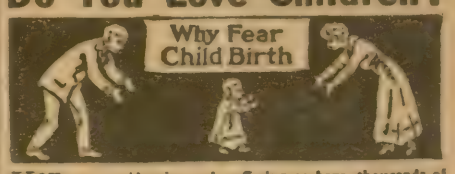


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# 187,048 LONE SCOUTS

Lone Scout Indian

MEMBERSHIP BADGE

FIRST DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

SECOND DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

THIRD DEGREE BADGE (Silver)

## In 82 Weeks 187,048 Boys have taken the following pledge as members of Lone Scouts of America:

**"I pledge my allegiance to my flag and the nation for which it stands, with liberty and justice for all. I will 'Do a Useful Thing Each Day,' and be worthy of the name, Lone Scout."**

The Lone Scouts of America was incorporated in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1915. At the first meeting of the incorporators, by-laws were adopted and W. D. Boyce was elected Chief Totem. The first Lone Scout took the pledge on October 25, 1915.

1 The Lone Scouts of America is for all wide-awake, ambitious boys everywhere. Any boy who can understand the pledge is eligible to membership. The pledge is so worded as to make the organization world-wide, including any boy living under some other flag than the United States flag. The Lone Scouts of America encourages patriotism, but is not a military organization in any sense.

2 The purpose of the Lone Scouts of America is to give the boys all the advantages of the Boy Scout movement (which was started in the United States by W. D. Boyce, Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts) while permitting them to operate alone if it is not convenient for them to belong to Tribes. Woodcraft and Scouting are only a part of the instructions. The Lone Scout motto is: "Do a Useful Thing Each Day." Every boy who lives up to this motto is going to be a successful man.

3 There are no membership dues or fees to pay; no expensive equipment for boys or their parents to buy. The Lone Scouts of America is not a money-making proposition. The organization is supported by the sale of its weekly magazine, "Lone Scout," in which instructions are given the Scouts. "Lone Scout" is sold by news agents for 3 cents a copy. Subscription rates, 25 cents four months, 75 cents a year.

4 As a member progresses in his Scout work he is awarded Degrees with appropriate Badges, and these Degrees make up Lodges. Badges of the first three Degrees (Tepee Lodge) are shown on the left. After the Tepee Lodge comes the Totem Pole Lodge. A member in this Lodge is entitled to put up a Lone Scout Totem Pole, upon which is placed a record of his Degrees.

5 In applying for membership, fill out the Application Blank given below, and send it with 2-cent stamp.

**W. D. BOYCE, Chief Totem,**
**500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.**

CUT OUT HERE

## APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP D

CHIEF TOTEM, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Date ..... 1917

I am ready, with consent of my parents or guardian, to take the Lone Scout Pledge, which I have read. Herewith find 2 cents in stamps to pay for mailing Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts of America, First Degree Instructions and Tribe Booklet.

Name..... Age.....

Town..... State.....

St. No., P. O., or R. F. D .....

# The Boy Woodsman
## Or, The Mill Guard
### By Milford Merrill

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Begun in No. 15, April 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INSTEAD of coming into fuller view, the head and shoulders of the man in the cellar suddenly disappeared. Perhaps it was Mr. Waybark working at something that needed fixing. Amos sat for some time watching, but was not rewarded with another sight of the man in the cellar, the window of which still remained open.

"I'll not sneak up and look in," he muttered, "for they might think I was a thief, and that would be humiliating."

Springing to his feet, the boy walked deliberately past the house on one side. A window opening into the largest bedroom stood open, and inside the millboy fancied he heard some one moving—Mrs. Waybark, of course, he thought.

Passing on, Amos had nearly reached the front of the house when he heard a slight thump as of somebody making a jump. He whirled about to see a form moving swiftly thru the gloom from the direction of the open bedroom window. Instantly our boy hero darted in pursuit.

The man, who was ahead, turned toward the road. Amos overhauled him just before he reached it.

"Hello!" he called, laying a hand on the shoulder of the other.

"Ah, ha, it is you, Amos!" exclaimed a well-known voice.

"Antoine!" ejaculated the surprised millboy.

For fully a minute neither spoke again. Amos wondered if it was Antoine he had seen in the cellar of the boarding-house. It was now almost dark.

"Where you goin' Amos?" finally queried the half-breed, in a low voice.

"I have been down to the river for a bath. I climbed the bluff behind the house just for exercise. I'm not working much in the mill these days. I am having a layoff and no end of fun. What brought you here, Antoine? Have you been talking with Mr. Waybark?"

"Me no see him."

"Were you at the house?"

"No."

Then, of course, the man in the cellar was not Antoine. Amos had a fair deal of confidence in the young son of old Blixy, and would not insult him by making his suspicions known. These redskins, and half-reds, as well, were privileged to roam about in all sorts of places, at all times of the night or day, consequently there was no real ground for thinking anything wrong.

Antoine continued on down the road, while Amos ran up the front steps and rapped, thinking to speak with Madge, or perhaps Mrs. Waybark.

Nobody answered his rap. Testing it three times, the boy understood that there was nobody at home just now. The millmen had all had their supper long since and were straying about wherever their fancy called them. The boy went on home.

Before midday of the following day Mrs. Rand looked out of her parlor window to see a motley mass of people moving from the hilltop toward the front door of the boarding-house—Indians, every one! The woman counted them, noting that there was an even score—Indians in blankets, faces painted, feathers in their hair, and each one armed with hatchet and gun! A formidable array, indeed.

The lumberman's wife was duly alarmed. There had been no visit from the reds since early spring; this seemed a new outbreak, and she had good reason to tremble with fear, since she was all alone in the house.

"I wish Isaac or Amos was here!" she cried under her shortened breath.

Instead of going in a body to the house, two of the reds ran along in advance, one pointing toward a window at the side of the building. At the open window they halted, pointing and gesticulating vehemently.

What did it mean? Mrs. Rand was puzzled as well as alarmed. She saw the others run forward and stand beside the house, all talking in their own tongue, making all sorts of fantastic motions with their hands. Trouble again, and within the week she had planned to leave Cedar Pond for the East!

Presently the whole gang of redskins turned back to the road and came toward the Rand dwelling at a sharp trot. Alida Rand shut her window down tight, turning the button. Then she flew to fasten the front door—too late.

The door had been thrust open, a burly Indian standing on the threshold. Seeing the woman, he cried gutturally: "Where you man?"

"Not home. What do you want?"

The woman was so frightened she felt her voice tremble.

"Want see white chief quick."

"Well, please go away——"

"No go way dis time. Got sure track of cisabouquett—goin' to have it!"

"That sugar again!" almost screamed the frightened woman. The Indians looked so fierce, so warlike in paint and feathers, with their arms, their rugged, scowling faces, and savage gesticulations.

In vain Mrs. Rand protested to the Indians; they seemed determined not to take no for an answer. While this was going on the mill whistle blew for the noon dinner. This was a relief. The Indians understood, yet stood about in front of the house, sullen and defiant.

To the lumberman's wife it was a relief to see the men coming up the hill with Joe Tevier at their head. There were a dozen men, none, however, armed. The instant the head sawyer saw the Indians he hurried to the relief of his employer's wife.

"Keotawbe, you must not bother Mrs. Rand," the sawyer avowed firmly. "If you want anything, talk to men. Now what is it?" The black eagle eye of the plucky little Canuck ran over the assembled multitude of armed redskins. It surely looked pokerish, yet the small white man showed no sign of fear.

"We want cisaboquett."

"That blamed sugar again!" snapped Tevier. "Why, you red galoot, don't you know that was eaten up long ago? You ought to be ashamed to come here three months after to think of finding that sugar. Good land! I reckon we'll make up a purse and pay for the stuff rather than hurt the feelings of you mighty men of war. What say? Will that be all right?"

The red chief shook his head. He passed among his followers, however, and talked in Indian gibberish with them for several minutes. Meantime the men of the mill neglected the call of the dinner bell to wait for developments.

Just at a critical moment Major Rand and his son rode upon the scene, mounted upon two of the stable horses. Father and son had been out for a canter, making it a point to visit the strip of splendid white pine that had created such a disturbance among the money-grabbers of the State.

That the enterprising yet impecunious native of the State of Maine should have beaten them all to its possession was something that ground the sordid souls of the clique that had its fingers on the purse strings of a vast monopoly. The land was still intact in the hands of Rand, where he assured his son it should remain for the present, at least.

Mrs. Rand should take her Eastern visit, and he would accompany her, leaving Amos to look after things at Cedar Pond during the month of his absence. The "chip" was pleased that his father had full confidence in him, and promised himself a good time overseeing the whole outfit. Even Mr. Waybark would stand second to the boy in matters of a business nature.

And now this unexpected emeute of the reds!

It was enough to provoke a saint. The Indians at once turned their batteries upon the mill owner. Once before, when Amos was on guard and his father away, they had failed. Today it was up to the main boss, and you may be sure there was no halfway decision agreeable to the redmen this time.

It seemed they had never given over the thought of getting even with the thief, even tho they got none of the sugar back. The leading men of the tribe had consulted their biggest medicine man at Grand Haven, who had told them that the stolen sugar, such of it as had not been used, was in the house of a tall white man who wore a large black mustache, the description given tallying exactly with that of Anson Waybark.

"And now we want you to tell Injin he may search house," concluded Keotawbe, with a flourish of his clinched right hand.

"I don't know that there can be any harm in that," said the mill owner. "You appoint one of your men to do the searching, and I will keep him company."

Amos was surprised that his father should so readily yield. He did not know that everything depended on conciliating the Ottawas. Mrs. Rand was soon to go on the long journey East. Money matters were in a bad way just now. If the Indians were to make trouble there was no knowing where it would end. It might frustrate the wishes of his wife as well as his own. The small matter of searching the boarding-house would soon convince the redmen that they were on the wrong track and there was an end of it. Thus did Major Rand explain to the question in his son's eyes.

"But the foreman, father? He will never consent."

"He will have to, my son. No use being stubborn about a matter of this kind. Being friendly with the Indians will hurt nobody and may ward off a lot of trouble."

Anson Waybark was smoking on the porch when Mr. Rand and Keotawbe approached. He had heard the noise of the gathered reds, had declined to interview any of them, but filled his pipe and went out, placing his chair near the front entrance.

"We have come, Anson," said the Major, "to look over the house."

"Inside or out?"

"Inside, of course."

"Have you a search warrant?" bluntly demanded the Californian.

"We hardly need one to search a house of mine, sir," curtly rejoined the lumberman.

"Is that a fact?"

Mr. Waybark rose to his feet. His black eyes threatened trouble.

"It is a fact, Anson," avowed the Major. "Had I been here the house would have been turned over for search long ago, thus saving this present trouble. You must understand——"

"I do understand!" cried the Californian, hotly. "I positively refuse permission for this search. If you lead it, Major Rand, then our friendship ceases now and here!"

The speaker had removed his big briar pipe, and held it clinched in a strained right hand.

"Oh, don't be foolish, Anson."

"You insist on this, Mr. Rand?"

The white teeth of the speaker gleamed behind his mustache.

"I certainly insist, sir. I——"

"That ends it then," and the big foreman flung himself off the porch, striding angrily from the premises.

CHAPTER XIX.

AMOS was in the house with his father and the Ottawa chief when the outraged foreman rushed away that he might not witness the desecration of his private premises. Mrs. Waybark, pale and somewhat agitated, opened the door to the bedroom which was occupied by herself and husband.

"This is an outrage," said the woman.

"I trust not," from Mr. Rand. "You would not risk an Indian outbreak, I trust, madam."

"Has it come to that, sir?"

"I fear it has, Mrs. Waybark."

The woman offered no further remonstrance. Two of the Indians passed into the bedroom, while the main body remained outside the dwelling. Pointing to a blue chest, Keotawbe said:

"Open this."

His red companion tried the lid, which seemed to be locked.

Mrs. Waybark had lost the key, she said, but she assured them there was nothing in the chest only some family relics. The red hand of the Ottawa swept a crumb of dark grains from the cover, holding it up to the gaze of Major Rand and Keotawbe.

Touching his tongue to this the redskin grinned, uttering the one word "Cisaboquett!"

Instantly there was a demand that the chest be opened. Mr. Rand was a bit surprised at the evidence piling up, but held his peace till, with the aid of his hatchet, the Ottawa forced up the cover of the chest.

Reposing neatly in the box was a man's fine shirt, which was tied at bottom and top, plumped out with a filling of maple sugar—the stirred article such as the Indians make to sell in birchbark receptacles.

The finder uttered a whoop that made


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the very rafters of the house ring.

At one end of the chest was a bark full of sugar! It was now up to the house inmates to tell how they came by the Indian cisaboquett. The Major was both shocked and surprised. Amos, peering in at the door, took a step forward, his eyes bulging.

"Medicine man right," gutturaled Keotawbe. "De Major, him's man steal Indians sweets!"

"This shall be investigated," said the mill owner gravely.

"I guess Anson can explain all right," cried Amos.

"He shall have the chance," declared the indignant lumberman. His confidence in his foreman was badly shattered.

"Of course he'll do that," persisted Amos. "I know he bought sugar of Old Man Blixy. Of course this is some of that. Tell them so, Mrs. Waybark," the boy continued, as he caught sight of the mistress of the house.

"Tell them what, Amos?"

The woman came and stood by the bedroom door. Her face went pale when she saw how the chest had been forced open.

"Anson will be very angry. They had no business to injure the chest. It was one he fetched from California before he ever knew me, and now see how it is bruised and slivered. For shame!"

"But the sugar, Mrs. Waybark?" demanded Rand.

"I know nothing about that."

"Tell them your husband bought it," whispered Amos in the ear of the foreman's wife. "Of course he did——"

"Not this sugar," shaking her head. "What Anson bought is in the buttery. I did not know there was any in the chest."

The Indians began to remove the sugar. Nobody objected, and soon the blue chest was emptied of its contents save for a few packages that lay in the bottom, and in a small till at one end. The Indians seemed gratified at regaining the stolen sweets, and marched away, bearing it with them, singing a moaning sort of a drone. They were satisfied, and the Indian outbreak was averted.

With all this, however, there rested a cloud upon the good name of one of the supposed honorable men of the community. Major Rand was deeply moved over what had taken place. His faith in his foreman's integrity was of the strongest. When he gave the Indians permission to search the boarding-house, he had not the slightest idea that the stolen goods would be found. Nor had our hero. The boy was fully as deeply shocked as was his father.

The Major returned home, while Amos remained behind to comfort Madge, who was crying as if her heart would break.

"And will they send my pa to prison?" the little girl sobbed.

"No, they won't," cried Amos, sitting down beside his girl friend. "Of course there is some mistake. When your pa comes back he will tell them so."

The girl continued to cry, however, and Amos felt almost like shedding a few tears himself. Despite appearances the boy was still standing by the foreman, for whom he held the highest esteem.

Madge soon dried her tears and actually smiled at a humorous remark made by her companion. Finding the girl cheered by his words, Amos left her and went off to look up Mr. Waybark, who, as it will be remembered, departed from the vicinity in evident anger. He met his father shortly afterward, and learned that he had been unable to locate the foreman at the mill or elsewhere in the settlement.

"I am sorry it has turned out as it has," said the Major. "I would as soon have suspected my brother of theft as Anson Waybark."

"That's so, father," responded Amos. "We know he couldn't have done it."

"The evidence convicts him, my son," returned the lumberman, gravely.

"And are you going to do anything about it, dad?"

"What can I do?"

"Why, fetch him into court, of course."

The lumberman smiled grimly.

"No, I shan't do that. I shall await his explanation, and, if as I suspect, it was the act of one who imagined there'd be no great crime in taking sugar from Indians, I'll allow him to continue on here as before."

The Californian returned home toward sundown. Where he had been nobody knew, and he seemed not disposed to enlighten even members of his own family. He stood a minute on the narrow porch, looking toward the dwelling of his employer. Here his wife came to him, and told him all that had happened.

A queer expression visited the face of the Californian.

"So the redskins got their sugar, eh?" he gritted over closed teeth.

"Yes, Anson, and I was that mortified that I almost fainted."

"Because you thought your husband was a thief, Evadne?"

"No, but because the looks of it makes you seem guilty. Of course, I know you bought the sugar, altho you kept the secret from me, Anson."

"But I did not buy it, girl," with a grating laugh. "Somebody has played a measly trick on me, and there'll be an accounting later on."

The speaker sprang down the steps as he saw Major Rand approaching.

"Well?" said the Major, meeting his foreman.

"Been high jinks at my place, eh?" answered Waybark.

"You may explain about the sugar, Anson."

"I have nothing to explain, sir."

"It seems to me there's a good deal to explain, sir," from Major Rand.

"You have prejudged my case, Major," bitterly.

"Not so," was the mill owner's quick rejoinder. "When I went into the house with the Indians it was with the expectation of proving my foreman innocent of the accusation brought by them."

"Instead you found him guilty?"

"That is for you to say, Mr. Waybark."

"I shall make no defense."

"Then you did not buy that sugar?"

"I bought no sugar that you and my wife say was found in the blue chest. That held only some California relics. I understand that you permitted the Indians to mutilate the chest?"

"No great damage was done—and it was nearly full of Indian sugar."

"Then, of course, you consider me guilty."

"I have not said that. However, I should be glad to have you explain about the sugar found in the chest."

"I am unable to do that, sir."

"I am sorry."

"So am I."

For several moments the two men stood silent. Major Rand finally said:

"We will let it rest at present, Anson," and whirling walked away homeward. The tall foreman watched the moving man with a dark frown.

Early the next morning a team from a nearby settler's drew up to the front door of the boarding-house. There was bustling inside; several boxes were carried out and deposited in the big wagon.

The men who had eaten breakfast and gone to the mill had noticed a rather jumbled appearance of the house's furnishings, but made no particular comment.

Amos was the first one of the Rands to notice what was going on. Madge, with solemn face, approached him, her hat tied on her brown curls, a sunshade grasped tightly in her hand.

"I've come to say good-by, Amos."

"What?" gasped the millboy. "Good-by! Why, where in the world are you going, Madge Waybark?"

"Down East, Amos."

"Good land, and mommer's going, too, in a few days. Going to Maine?"

"No, to York State, mamma's old home."

"Well, I'll be bumgasted, but ain't this sudden?"

"It couldn't be much suddener," laughed the girl.

"Mother going, too?"

"Of course—and papa."

"You don't say. What'll dad do for a foreman? Does he know this is to happen? I didn't hear him say Mr. Waybark was going to leave."

"Oh, it all comes of this raid of the Indians. Papa says he can't stop any longer under a roof owned by a man who thinks him a common thief. I am most awful sorry, Amos," and the girl's voice trembled a little. "I hate to leave you and the rest who have been so nice to us, but when papa sets his foot down we all got to obey. Mamma ain't so sorry, either. She's some like your mother, awful tired of the woods, and wants to see her folks in old New York State."

"Great snakes!"

"You'll write to me sometimes, Amos, won't you?"

"Of course," said the boy. "But I say, this is queer. I'm going to tell dad. I'm sure he won't like it a little bit. And I don't think your father is doing right quitting like this. It'll leave us folks in an awful mess."

"Can't your mother board the men a while?"

"How can she when she's going East herself next week?"

"Oh, hum, it's too bad, but I can't see as we are to blame. Your father says my papa stole the sugar, and there it is."

"Blame the old sugar!" roared Amos. "Dad shouldn't be so quick to accuse anybody. I don't believe Mr. Waybark did it, and I shall tell him so. Maybe I can persuade him not to go away."

"Come on home, then, with me, Amos," and the girl snatched the boy's hand and started for the boarding-house.

Before they reached it a man came striding past them, meeting Mr. Waybark as he was loading a box into the wagon. The man was Major Rand.

Amos noted the firm set of his father's jaw, the angry light that shone in his eyes.

"Anson, what is the meaning of this?" demanded the lumberman sharply.

"Can't you see, sir?" turning from the wagon to face his employer. "We are moving out."

"Moving out without giving notice," voiced Rand, angrily. "I want to tell you that this is on a par with stealing sugar!"

## CHAPTER XX.

A RED stain dyed the cheek of the foreman at the words of his employer. He said nothing further, but turned from facing Mr. Rand, continuing his work of loading the wagon.

"You should have given notice," finally declared Major Rand.

Silence on the part of the other. He seemed bent on having no further talk with the man who employed him.

"See here, Mr. Waybark," cried Rand, "you can't go off this way, you know!"

"What do you mean?" whirling upon the mill owner. "I reckon I am my own boss from this time forward. What you'd better be about, sir, is forking over the amount you owe me. I think it has run long enough. As I may decide to leave the country for good, I shall leave no moneys receivable behind me."

"That's just it, sir," returned the Major, in a less arrogant tone. "I am owing you quite a lot of money, and it's going to embarrass me just at this time to meet the debt."

"Oh, is it?"

"It most surely is. I beg of you reconsider your plan to quit. I had not expected this."

"The more fool you, then, Major Rand," sneered the big Californian. "I don't wish to bandy words with you, sir; but let me tell you I am not the man to be called a thief and a liar and not resent the insult. I am surely going out of your employ, and I am also going with full payment from you, after which I shall insist that you arrest me for stealing. I mean to vindicate my good name before the world. I trust you will understand and govern yourself accordingly."

The foreman went into the house.

Major Rand bit his lip and turned away. He paid no attention to his son, who stood not far away, but strode swiftly toward home. An uneasy feeling lurked in the heart of the mill owner. He did not even now feel that he was in any way to blame for what had taken place.

Going directly to his wife, who was in the kitchen at work, the lumberman told her what the Waybarks were doing.

"It is a most unheard-of thing," concluded the Major, "and bothers me a good deal. You might go over and talk with Mrs. Waybark, seeing you and she are such good friends."

Mrs. Rand threw a light shawl over her head and went to the boarding-house. She was gone half an hour. When she returned she found her hus-


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band pacing the front room in a state of extreme unrest.

"Well?" he asked eagerly.

"Nothing can change them, Isaac. Mrs. Waybark feels as bad as does her husband. They will go to The Mouth, where they have friends. From there they may go East for a spell, but Evadne says they can never live under a roof of yours after today. It's too bad!"

"I am sorry, but what could I do? The Indians would have made trouble if they hadn't been allowed to search; and as you know, the stolen sugar was found in the possession of the Waybarks. If they are innocent why don't they explain how it came there?"

"They can't do that."

"Fudge and fiddlesticks!"

"Then you truly think Anson Waybark is a thief?"

"It's this way, Alida," reasoned her husband. "Where the Indians are concerned the whites seem to have no regard. Taking sugar from them is looked upon as a lark rather than otherwise. I imagine Anson felt that way about it, altho it is not the moral way to look at it."

By noon, with the loading of two wagons, the effects of the Waybarks were ready to be transferred out of Cedar Pond for good. With the last load Mrs. Waybark and her daughter went. Amos stood beside the wagon, helping both mother and daughter to the high seat swung upon long spring-poles above the wagon.

"Now, then, Madge," said the millboy, "I shall come to see you folks before you leave The Mouth."

"Yes, do come, Amos," cordially invited the foreman's wife, who seemed to hold no ill feeling for the son of the man who had convicted her husband of stealing.

A few minutes later Anson Waybark appeared, coming from the lumberman's house. His face was stern and emotionless as he approached the wagon.

"Did he pay you, Anson?" from Mrs. Waybark.

"He sure did—half money, a check on the Lumberman's Bank at The Mouth. I reckon it about bankrupted him, too." He ended with a dry laugh.

Amos put out his hand.

"Well, Mr. Waybark, I'll say good-by for now."

"Good-by it is, my boy," his voice losing its stern ring.

"It's too bad you have to go, sir."

"Oh, as for that, I imagine it's a fine thing," half laughed the man. "Your dad was getting above his business, anyhow. Very extreme in his criticisms sometimes. Of course this sugar episode mars things in a way that I very much regret, but it's all the same in Dutch."

The man clambered to the high seat beside his wife and child, gathering the reins in his hands, deciding to drive the team himself. He had been paid in full, consequently he had nothing to call him back to Cedar Pond, unless the mill owner should do as he suggested and arrest him for thievery.

"Father won't do that, sir," declared Amos when the foreman suggested it.

"I wish he would," his black eyes snapping.

"Pshaw, pa, no you don't, either!" rebuked his wife.

And Amos and Madge exchanged glances.

"I'm leaving these parts under a cloud, all right," said Mr. Waybark, "but it isn't my fault——"

"One moment, sir," cried our hero, as the foreman raised his whip.

"Eh, boy?"

"I want you to know that I don't believe you ever took that sugar," affirmed Amos, with great seriousness.

"Thank you, my boy."

"And I want to always be your friend, sir."

"Thank you again, son."

"Another thing, Mr. Waybark," and the millboy stood upon the front wagon wheel and looked steadily into the eyes of the foreman, "I'm not going to let this matter rest as it is now. I shall hunt out the facts. I have a suspicion, which may amount to something before long. When I prove your innocence, sir, may I come to see you, and—and ask you to return to Cedar Pond?"

"Really, I'm afraid it would do no good," the foreman said stiffly; "but nevertheless I appreciate your kindly friendship, and shall never forget that at least one of the inhabitants of this lumber burg stood by the old Californian when the rest thought him a low-down thief."

Then the whip cracked, and the wagon, bearing its precious freight, rolled away down the river road, soon to be lost to view in the shadow of the roadside trees.

After that came anything but pleasant days to the members of the Rand household. Amos felt that a great wrong had been done to a most efficient man, and longed for the time when he could prove to the world, more especially to his father, that Anson Waybark was not a thief.

In paying off his foreman Major Rand trenched on his bank account to an alarming extent. In fact, he felt so poor that he expressed a wish that his wife postpone her Eastern visit for a time.

Of course, like a good wife, she consented; in fact, assured her husband that she would wait another year if need be, or until better times came to them. The mill continued to run, cutting lumber and shingles—the latter an addition lately put in, costing much money, placing the Major still more deeply in debt.

The boarding-house was closed, save that part used by the millmen, and the crew took their meals at the house of the mill owner. This added a lot of work, so that Mrs. Rand was compelled to call in the aid of a hired girl.

Amos hitched Old Barney to the buckboard and drove into the nearby settlements seeking a girl to work in his mother's kitchen. On the road he met Alta Paydon dragging a deer to the road from the swamp. He grinned when he saw Amos, and asked the millboy to take his game onto the buckboard.

"Would like to, Alta, but you must excuse me today. I am out looking for a hired girl."

"Goodness!" exclaimed the fat boy, "I know just the one for you."

"Who is it, Ait?"

"Nancy Swedge, over on the Tamarack. She's a dandy good girl to work. I know, for mother had her for a week once while she was sick."

"Thanks, Alt. I'll call there. Now, if you can't get anybody else I'll draw in your deer after I get back," and the boy drove on.

Amos found the Swedge home, engaged Nancy, and was soon on the return. He saw no more of Alta, however, and judged he had got some settler to take care of his deer.

Toward night Amos ran upon Antoine Blixy down near the milltail, engaged in angling for bass, this fish nosing into the swift water that ran over the waste gates.

"Hello, Antoine."

"Halloo yerself, Amos!"

"I'd like to ask you a question, Antoine."

The half-breed youth glanced searchingly at his friend, whom he had not met since the departure of Anson Waybark the week before.

"It's about that maple sugar, Antoine."

"What sugar?"

"You know, the sugar that somebody put into the blue chest at the Waybarks', and thus made out the foreman a common thief."

"Oh—eh? What ye want to know?"

"Who put that sugar in the blue chest, Antoine?"

"Why, I s'pose 'twas the foreman. Didn't he sneak off like he was afeared to stay? I reckon that convicted him fast enough," and the half-breed youth uttered a guttural laugh.

He pulled in a fine bass at this moment, and in admiring the catch nothing further was said about the sugar.

Amos noticed a sort of aversion on the part of Antoine to talk about the events leading up to the finding of the sugar, so for the time refrained from pushing his investigations. Nevertheless he had his eye on the Indian youth, fully intending to watch him more closely in the future.

Alida Rand proved a brave little woman during this crisis in her husband's affairs, never once complaining or voicing a wish to go down East. She seemed to understand that it would only embarrass the Major, who had enough troubles of his own without her adding to them by useless complainings.

The days of summer wore on. No more Indian disturbances came after the finding of the stolen sugar. Quiet reigned in the little valley of Cedar Pond.

One day a man called to see the mill owner. It was Andrew Studfield. He had come, he said, from Mr. Strake with reference to buying that pine land.

"Nothing doing," declared the mill owner, and the tallow-faced man took his departure without urging matters. His coming, however, indicated the continued interest these speculators had in Major Rand's business affairs.

It was the night of the 29th of August that our hero awoke from a sound sleep to catch the glare of an unearthly light in his room. With a sudden thrill of fear the boy sprang out of bed, dashed to the window, tore aside the curtain and looked out.

The whole valley was one red glare of light. Down at the foot of the hill there rolled the red flames of a burning building—the mill was on fire!

This interesting story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

## The Educated Owl.

(Continued From Page 9.)

other. Miss Thompson did the same. This brought their hands together. Brown rather liked the contact.

"Perhaps," said the girl, "it would be better if we blew in both ears at the same time."

They tried to do so, but the owl, with the energy born of despair, wriggled loose and to the floor.

Thompson, in his effort to retain his equilibrium, clasped the girl's hands, but alas, it was too late; the pursed lips came smack together. They came smack together, and with such satisfaction that the operation was repeated involuntarily and then voluntarily again and again, while the occasion for the collision walked to the open door and ran as rapidly as an owl with a broken wing could run down the State highway.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," thought Brown, and he released one hand and drew the arm attached thereto about the girl's waist.

So far from objecting thereto, the girl snuggled up against his breast and responded to the pressure with the longest, most lingering drawn-out kiss that ever anybody gave anybody. So he thought, at any rate, and so she thought.

When Thompson returned fifteen minutes later they were still at it, but had seated themselves on the sofa.

"Geeminy Crickets!" said Thompson. "What does this mean?"

"It means that we are going to be married," said Brown. "Won't you congratulate us?"

"I sure will," he said, and he did, and then, "Do you know who that guy was with the bird?"

They didn't.

"Well, Jack Allison was down to Cedarville yesterday, and he saw them pinch a ventriloquist; and that guy was the ventriloquist, and I guess that owl of ours is just an ordinary old desert owl."

"And we have been just an ordinary old pair of country suckers," said Brown, "and we haven't even got the owl. I guess he walked away in the excitement."

"Let him go," said Thompson. "We don't have to lose the fifty, tho. Friend Slicker hasn't got so far but that you can overhaul him with your machine in fifteen minutes."

"I think I will," said Brown, and his machine was almost instantly purring down the highway.

In fifteen minutes he was back.

"Did you find him?" asked Thompson.

"Oh, I found him all right."

"Did he put up much of a kick at parting with the money?"

"I didn't ask him to part with the money," said Brown, as he took his ladylove in his arms and gave her a resounding smack. "I gave him fifty more. I think that was some owl!"

* * *

## Hammered the Pipe.

A certain couple got married a time ago and took up their abode in a dainty cottage in a suburban quarter. Everything in the house was of the latest, and gave unmixed satisfaction.

But one evening when the husband returned from business he found, to his disgust, that a water pipe had burst. The rooms were flooded, and the carpets, which were the husband's special pride, were in danger of being spoiled.

"Well, well," said he, impatiently, to his wife, "why on earth didn't you hammer the pipe up? Here, give me a hammer, and I'll do it in a twinkling."

He got the hammer and pounded away at a pipe down in the cellar. When he had finished he paused to examine the result of his labor. Then, to his complete chagrin, he heard the sweetly-chiding voice of his wife at the top of the stairs.

"Howard!" said she, "the gas has gone out, and the water is still running."

Then he sent for the plumber.


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Do eyes bulge?____ Does heart beat too rapidly?____ Health?____
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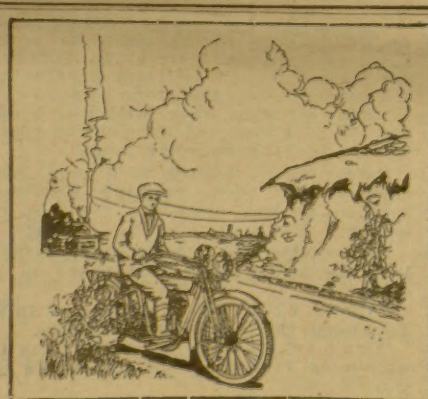

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**1000 Free Votes** toward the $310.00 Motorcycle and other Grand Prizes. We will also give away twelve 1917 model Coaster Brake $40.00 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the motorcycle. Someone will win motorcycle, WHY NOT YOU?

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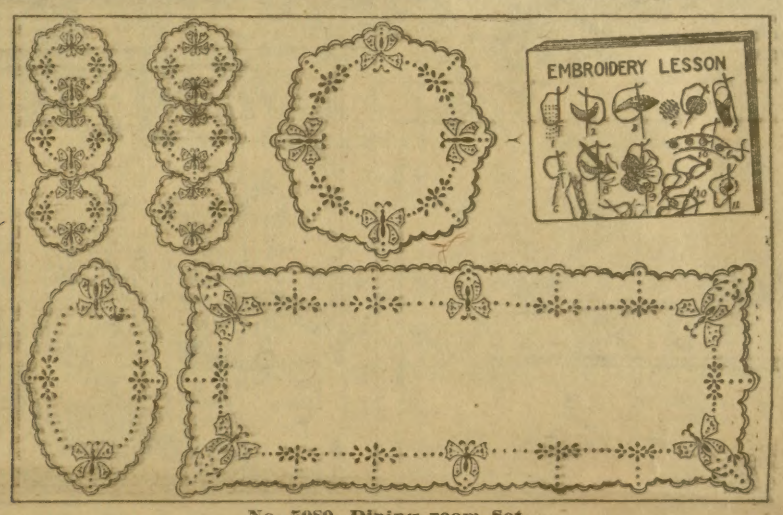


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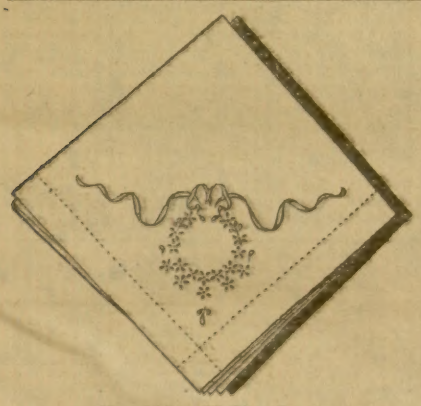

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## Old Names.

Three commercial travelers meeting at a hotel one winter evening had a hearty supper together. Supper over, the three found some difficulty in allotting their respective shares in the bill, but one of them at length cut short the dispute by proposing that whoever had the "oldest name" among them should go free, the expenses being halved by the other two.

This amendment being promptly accepted, No. 1 produced a card inscribed "Richard Eve," which No. 2 trumped with "Adam Brown." Then No. 3, a portly veteran with humorous gray eyes, laid down his card with the quiet confidence of a great general making a decisive movement and remarked, with a chuckle:

"I don't much think you'll beat this 'un, gents."

And he was right, for the name was "Mr. B. Ginning."

## Fired.

William J. Burns, the noted publicist and detective, once proposed to train up a number of young college graduates in the detecting trade.

Talking about crime to a group of college graduate applicants for posts on his staff, Mr. Burns said:

"It doesn't take me long to decide on a lad's suitability for this career. Only the other day, for example, I discharged a Yale first honor man after twenty-four hours' trial. His first case proved him valueless.

"What was his first case?" asked the Harvard oarsman.

"Theft of a box of soap," said Mr. Burns. "Theft of a box of soap from a freight car—and the idiot arrested a tramp!"

# THE FAIRY CORNER

**THE DRAWING-OUT PROCESS.**

'Twas "Pig" the teacher wrote upon
The board in script and print.
She drew a picture just above
To give the class a hint.

She said: "Now, Johnnie, we have learned
Two words—they're 'cat' and 'dog.'
You now may tell me this new word."
Says Johnnie: "That is hog."

"No, no, it's but a little hog!"
She spoke in manner blunt.
"Now, Johnnie, won't you try again?"
Then Johnnie says: "It's runt."

## What Queen Moon Heard.

Once upon a time on a bright, bright night Queen Moon was taking a ride across the deep blue heavens. Beside her rode the baby Star, whom she loved best of all. Following her were millions of little stars, bearing her moonbeam train of silver light—for you must know she was the shining one of the night. So she rode thru the deep blue heavens, *looking for the most interesting thing she could find on the earth land.* For it was in watching the earth land she found her entertainment.

At last she stopped, and with her stopped the baby Star, whom she loved the best, and the millions of little stars, bearing her moonbeam train.

"Look beneath us, dear baby Star," said Queen Moon. "What are those gleaming white stones you see on yon carpet of green? Before each white stone what mean those groups of flowers? Methinks I have never seen such a collection of flowers all at one place."

"Yes, you have, Queen Moon," answered the baby Star (who, altho she was a baby Star, was very old—thousands of years). "Don't you remember that every year when we gaze down on the Northern places of the great Western hemisphere at this time we always see the beautiful flowers gathered around the great white stones on the green-carpeted hillside? It seems to me the Breezes told us last year it was because of something known down there as Decoration or Memorial day."

"You are right, dear baby Star," answered Queen Moon. "And as the air is beautifully clear tonight and sound travels well, let us lean our ears earthward and listen. Perchance we can hear more of what it all means."

And so it happened that Queen Moon and the little baby Star and the millions of train bearers heard this tale as Geranium told it to her host of flower friends who were gathered together on the green hillside round about the great white stones:

"You ask me for a story, dear flower friends," said Geranium, in accents sweet and low. "You ask me why we are all gathered here tonight. You ask me why we have been plucked from our homes and kept so carefully, and then brought out here so that the moonbeams may make us sweeter and purer, and the dews of morning may wash our faces, so that on the morrow we may be more beautiful than ever before. Listen, dear ones, and you shall hear.

"Fifty years ago this great country you love so well was going thru a great and horible war. Ah, well do I remember my Grandmother Geranium telling of it all! There was fighting and horror and bloodshed and death! Yes, even altho we do not like to think about it, many brave men had to give up their lives for the sake of liberty and right in the land in which we live. Brave men on both sides fought and died. So when at last the struggle was over the people who honored the great men who had fought and won and fought and died made up their minds there should be a day set aside in every May to make beautiful the place where the dear dead heroes were buried. And what better could be chosen to make those places beautiful, dear flower friends, but (I say it in all modesty) the things God and the children love so well, our humble selves?"

Geranium paused. Then she continued: "So you are here, Mignonette, and you, Pansy, and you, Roses and Sweet Peas and Nasturtiums and Sweet Alyssum and Heartease. Are you not one and all glad you can help in so noble a work?"

"I am," whispered a little blue-eyed flower. "I shall open my blue eyes wide tomorrow and look in the faces of those who pass by, lest they forget."

"Of course you will, dear little Forget-me-not," smiled Geranium. "And they never could forget the ones they loved when they look at you."

"And I shall try to comfort them as they meet my eyes," said Pansy. "I shall give them peace of mind."

"Dear little Pansy," said Geranium. "It is no wonder men call you Heartease."

"And I shall pity the bleeding hearts of those who mourn and try to show them that after all there is beauty even in a Bleeding Heart," said a little blood-red heart hanging to a fragile stem.

"And we shall brighten the faces of all who look on our beauty and smell our fragrance," said the Roses and Sweet Peas and all the rest.

"My dears," said Geranium, "you all have spoken nobly. If you do your best to brighten the lives of the living who come to honor the dead, whether soldiers or friends or loved ones of the home, you will be a blessing on this Memorial day. Now shut your eyes and sleep, so that tomorrow you may awaken fresh for your work. And thank the Good Father he has chosen you."

Slowly in the deep blue heavens Queen Moon majestically moved on, with the little star babies and the millions of little stars who bore the moonbeam train following after. Slowly they faded out of sight, for along the selfsame path came King Sun. He was starting his day's work of opening the eyes of the willing little flowers and bringing forth the songs from the throats of the many songbirds. For this was the way he was ushering in another Memorial day, when in the land of the brave there waved over the green hillside and the great white stones the flag of the free.

## The Intruder.

"What is it?" "What is it?" chorused Dorothy and Helen, as they looked at the slimy, shiny-backed object that lay on the stone at the doorstep.

The girls had never seen anything like it before, except possibly a fat dill pickle discarded by some schoolboy or girl and lying in the dust of one of Chicago's thorofares. But this was not a dill pickle and it was not in Chicago. Oh, no, indeed. It was miles and miles away from that city. The girls had moved from there to Oregon, that wonderful State which is noted for its scenic beauties as well as for its natural forests, now being devastated for commercial purposes as fast as the woodcutters and sawmills can handle them. I should like so much to tell you all about the big lumber industry, but it would take too long just now.

The girls leaned over the queer-looking object, curious to know just what sort of a creature it was that had dared to intrude upon the privacy of their doorstep.

"If it didn't have those horns we never should have noticed it," said Dorothy.

"Those horns are called tentacles or feelers, my dear," volunteered Uncle Julian. (Uncle Julian did seem to know so much about everything.) He continued: "Take this little stick, touch the end of his tentacles, and then watch what he does."

Dorothy took the stick and gently touched the end of the feelers. How surprised she was to see them drawn inside themselves, just like the finger of a glove. Ask mother to let you have one of her old gloves for just a minute—then push two of the fingers in, just as tho you were going to turn the glove inside out. That is how the feelers disappeared the instant Dorothy touched them.

"Uncle Julian, you haven't told us its name yet," gently rebuked Helen, who up to this time had been so busy with her observations that she hadn't even thought of asking questions.

"That is a slug," was Uncle Julian's reply.

"A slug?" chirped Dorothy. "Why, that is what we used to put in our telephone when we lived in the city."

"Well, well," laughed Uncle Julian, "I'm afraid this fellow would never fit in a telephone slot."

I know you children have all seen one or another of the varieties of living slugs, for there are about five hundred species, but I do not believe many of you ever saw one just like the one Dorothy and Helen were looking at. It was about five inches long, about two inches broad and probably an inch or a little more in thickness. If you ever saw a snail stick his head out of his shell, then you know what the slug's head was like—for there is a great resemblance in shape. I think the unusual size of this slug was due to the warm climate in which it lived.

The old fellow seemed not at all afraid of so many spectators. He remained where he was on the stone, motionless, except as he thrust his feelers in and out as tho in warning not to molest him.

"Put your finger on his back," urged Uncle Julian.

"Ugh-m-m! It looks too mushy," and dainty Helen instinctively drew away from the scene.

"Don't be afraid of it, Helen. It will not hurt you. I just wanted you to touch its back so that you would realize that looks are oftentimes deceiving. Instead of that fellow's back being 'mushy,' as you think, it has formed into a crustlike shell and is quite resistant."

"Does it have a name?" questioned Dorothy.

"Yes, indeed, just as you wear your coat to protect your body, so this slug wears a crustlike shield for its back, and it is called a 'mantle.'"

"Does he always have to wear it as a turtle does?"

"Yes, and there is another similarity between the slug and the turtle. The slug is able to draw his head at least part way under his 'mantle.'"

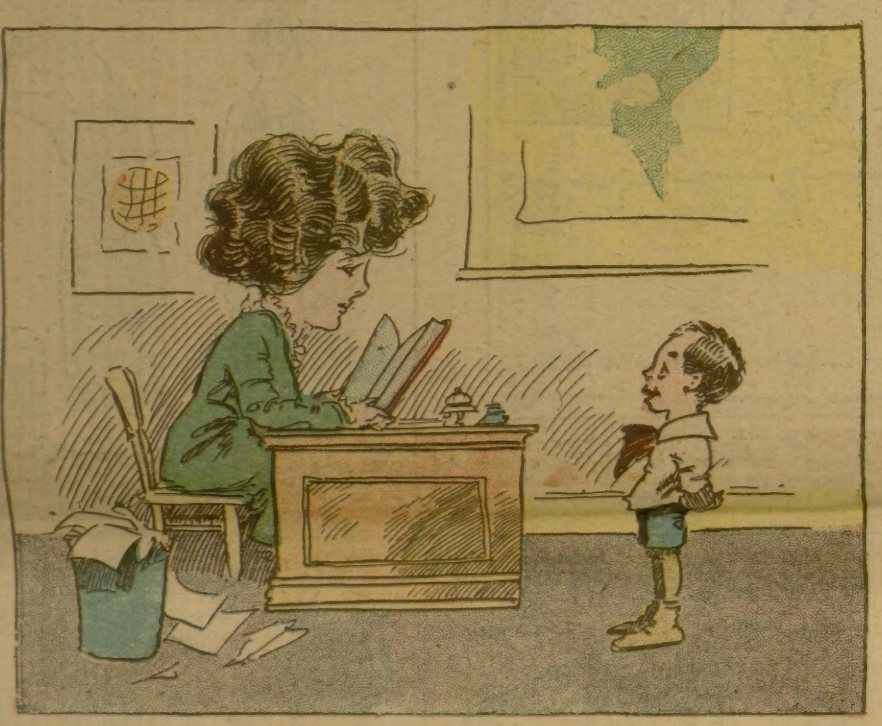
"What is the matter with his right side? Do you suppose something has hurt it?" questioned Dorothy.

"Oh, no," was Uncle Julian's reply. "Nothing has hurt it. A slug only breathes on one side of its body, and that is its right side."

"How queer!" Helen was again interested. "Are they any good?"

"Slugs? You mean how much harm do they do? They are very destructive to garden crops and are really quite a pest. I've just been thinking we had better——"

But just at this point old Mr. Slug thought it was time for him to go. In fact, something had just reminded him of the "safety first" slogan, and, besides, he did not enjoy hearing unkind remarks made about himself. So while the two little city girls were questioning their country uncle, the slug quietly slid off the stone and in a twinkling was lost in the darkness under the cabin steps.



Teacher—"T-u-r-k-e-y, Johnny. Where is the accent?"
Johnny—"On the neck."

### A FAIR QUESTION.

A little girl, aged 6, had been breathlessly watching the terrible villain of the film play. When he reached a railway bridge she turned to her mother and asked:

"Oh, muvver, what's he going to do now?"

"He's going to blow up that bridge."

"But, muvver," came back the small, inquiring voice, "how can he get enough breff?"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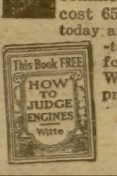

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